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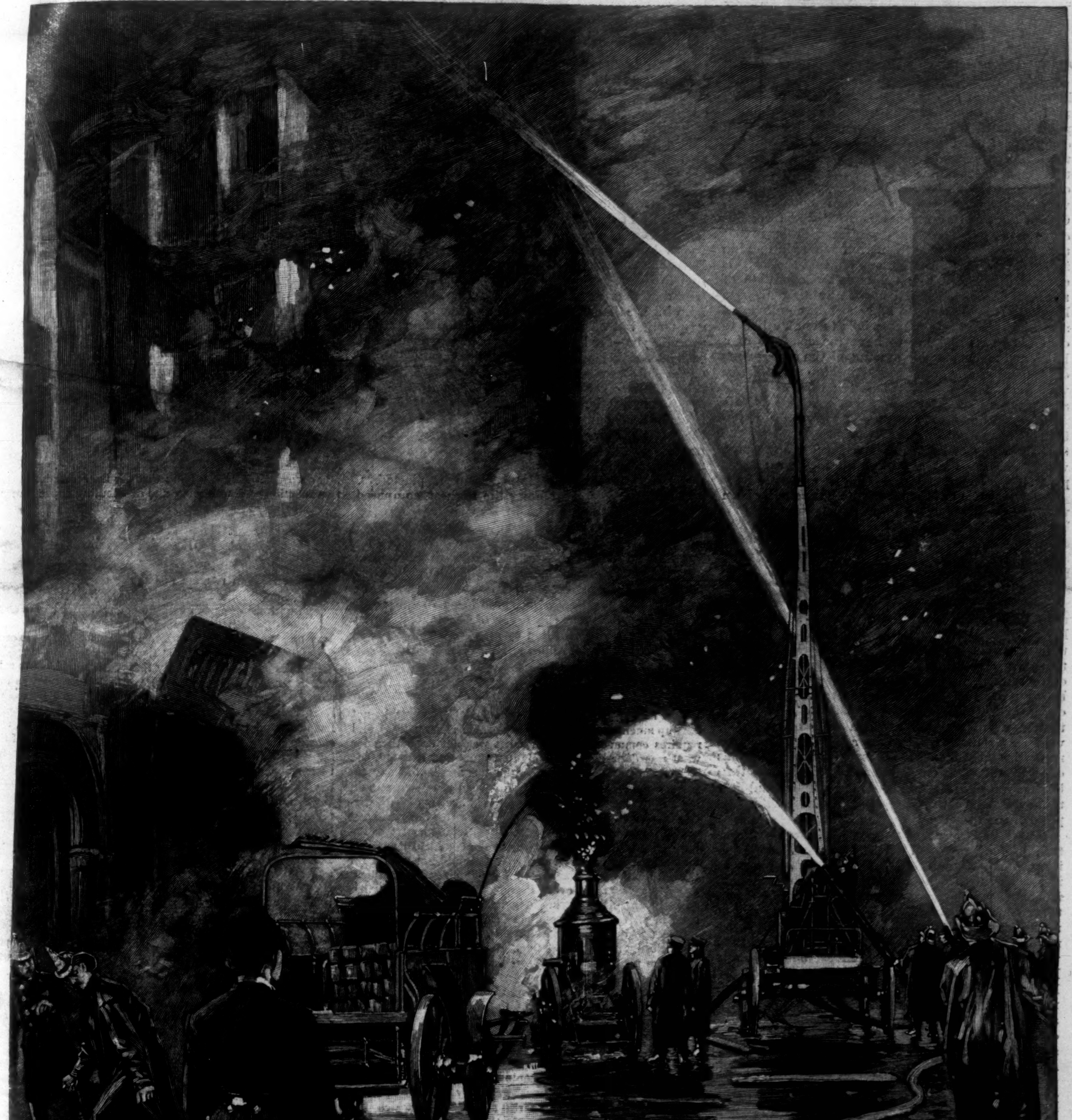

A NEW YORK WATER-TOWER IN ACTION.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 751.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

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TARIFFS, STRIKES, AND WAGES.

THE labor troubles at Homestead have started a lively discussion between protectionists and tariff reformers as to whether the tariff had anything to do with those disturbances. The protectionists point to the fact that labor troubles and strikes occur in free-trade England as frequently as in protectionist America, and that therefore it cannot be said that the tariff is their cause and free trade the remedy. This is unquestionably correct. But in one very important respect the answer is not sufficient. One of the main arguments constantly and vociferously urged in favor of high protective duties is that they are not only to aid the manufacturer in making industrial production profitable, but that the tariff is especially intended to ameliorate the condition of the American workman beyond anything hitherto known. It is to secure to him constant employment and high and steady wages; it is to enable him to own his house and lot, to have the comforts of a home and a considerable amount of the enjoyments of civilized society; it is to insure him, unless he be very imprudent, against want and care in his old age; it is, in short, to secure to him conditions of life with which he would have every reason to be content. Such promises have been and are poured into the ears of working-men, especially at election times, when the labor vote is wanted for the protectionist party

A large portion of the labor vote has actually been won in that way for the high-tariff policy, and it is by no means surprising that the working-men should have taken the representations made to them seriously. According to what they have been told, they have reason to believe that the tariff laws were made specifically for their benefit; that in the matter of employment and wages the American working-men are to be much less dependent upon the state of the labor market and upon the vicissitudes of business than working-men in free-trade countries are; that they may claim a share in the profits made by the establishments in which they are employed with a better right and to a larger extent than may be claimed by working-men not protected by a tariff; that they will be taken excellent care of somehow, whether by their employers or by the power that made the tariff law. It is easy to see what notions of right and what expectations of benefit may thus be encouraged in the minds of the credulous, and how those minds are thus prepared for the exciting appeals of the agitator.

But the tariff laws say nothing about wages or continuity of employment. The fulfilment of the promises made by the protectionists in behalf of the tariff is not provided for in the statute. That fulfilment is left to the most immediate beneficiaries of the protective system, the manufacturers. There may be manufacturers who run their establishments as benevolent institutions, and who think first of their working-men and last of themselves; but it is not in human nature that there should be many of this kind. Most manufacturers will manage their business on ordinary business principles. They will have a keen eye to their own profits. If managers of stock companies, they will consider it a matter of justice as well as of pride to secure large dividends to the shareholders. They will ordinarily pay the working-man not as much as they might, but as much as they must; or, to express it less harshly, although their profits might allow it, they are not likely in the payment of wages to go much beyond the market rate. And whenever profits are endangered by unfavorable circumstances, they will resort to whatever may serve to prevent a deficiency—a reduction of wages among other things.

The working-man, who is not an unreasonable being, will submit to a reduction of his wages when he sees the necessity of it. But he will be the more unwilling to admit such a necessity under any circumstances, the more reason he has been given to look upon himself as at least one of the intended beneficiaries of the laws which have done so much to make his employer rich. He will be rather inclined to argue that under these laws he had hardly had the full share of the benefit that was promised to him, and that somebody else has unlawfully made off with a large portion of what was the working-man's due. And if, upon this view of the case, the laboring-man works out for himself a theory of rights far beyond this, we must not be altogether astonished to find that the tariff, with all those promises with which it has been commended to the favor of the working-man, has become one of the most effective propagators of socialistic ideas.

The working-men will gradually open their eyes to the fact that those fair speeches have most cruelly deceived them. They have only to look at the rates of wages in the different countries of the world to satisfy themselves that high wages are *not* caused by a high protective tariff, and that low wages are *not* caused by the absence of a high tariff. We are constantly told, when comparing American wages with English wages, that wages in the United States are much higher than wages in England because we are blessed with a protective system while England is not. But it is a notorious fact that wages in free-trade England range much higher than wages in Germany and in other European countries blessed with a protective tariff. Now if in one high-tariff country wages are higher than in one free-trade country, and if at the same time wages in that free-trade country are higher than in several high-tariff countries, then it cannot possibly be that the high tariff makes a high rate of wages and the absence of the tariff a low one.

If the working-man pursues his inquiries further, he will find that during that famous period when the United States had a low tariff, from 1846 to 1861, wages here were as much higher as those in any European country as they are now, and that during that low-tariff period they were steadily rising. He will find that wages in this country have always been higher than European wages, not on account of any tariff, but on account of the circumstances surrounding us—the large quantity of cheap, fertile, and easily accessible land; the almost inexhaustible abundance and variety of natural resources inviting enterprise; the numberless opportunities for fruitful activity; the exceptional energy and productiveness of labor in this country; and so on. He will find that the wages of persons engaged in such labor as is not protected by any tariff at all, such as employés of transportation companies, house-servants, bricklayers, carpenters, bakers, longshoremen, plasterers, and many others, are among the highest, compared with corresponding wages in Europe. Finally, he will find that employment and wages are as dependent on the labor market and the state of business in high-tariff America as in free-trade England, and no less; that labor organizations have as much influence upon such things here as in England, and no more; and that the promises with which the protective policy is commended to the favor of the laboring-men cannot possibly be fulfilled by any tariff law, and are therefore a delusion and a snare.

THE SESSION.

THE first session of the Fifty-second Congress will not take up much space in the history of American politics, and requires comment rather for what was not done than for what was done during the eight months that it lasted. It is true that for many years now the long session of Congress preceding a Presidential election has usually been barren, and has largely been passed by the political leaders of both parties in manœuvring for position. Since the Congressional elections of 1874, following the signal triumph of the Republicans in 1872, gave warning to the confident leaders of that party that thenceforward victory could not be had for the asking, the phenomenon we have noted has come about every four years. In every Presidential year each party has spent its energies in trying to make the best impression possible, negative or positive, upon the country.

The two questions that have engaged public attention most closely in the proceedings of Congress this year have been the tariff and the "free coinage," *i. e.*, the unlimited coinage, of silver, and the course of the Senate and the House respectively on these questions is about all that will repay study. At the close of the Fifty-first Congress the Republicans had a majority of 24 in the House of Representatives. At the opening of the Fifty-second Congress the Democrats had a plurality of 148 over the Republicans, or very nearly 3 to 1. This was a change that looked like a revolution. None so sweeping had occurred within the present generation. It was generally accepted as the immediate result of the tariff act of 1890, which had, by common consent, been made the chief issue in the election. As a matter of fact, many other matters entered into the contest of 1890, and affected the course of affairs in the House; but they were not generally recognized. It was assumed, and reasonably, that the Democratic party had won a tariff reform victory, and would be united in pressing the advantage gained, confiding the direction of its forces to the prominent leaders in that cause. Something very different occurred. When the majority proceeded to organize by the election of Speaker, Mr. MILLS, of Texas, the "logical candidate" of the tariff reformers, was set aside, and Mr. CRISP, of Georgia, was elected. He selected his committees in a manner that deprived tariff reform of the services of the most competent members of the House. The result was that there has been little consistency, force, or breadth of treatment in the tariff policy of the majority, and the cause of the reform cannot be said to have been advanced by the House. It must be added that in this regard the majority has not been fairly representative of the party, as was shown by the course of the National Convention when it assembled in June. On the other hand, the Republicans, safely intrenched in the Senate, have had only a defensive policy to maintain, and have had no trouble in maintaining it against the relatively feeble attacks of their opponents.

The record of the two Houses of Congress as to the silver question is a very different one, and is a curious and interesting lesson in the complexity of American politics. The Senate, with a majority of Republicans, whose party, by the voice of its official chief, the President, and by the formal declarations of all its recognized leaders, was committed against free coinage, has twice during the session passed a free coinage bill, once before and once after the action of the National Conventions. The House, on the contrary, with a majority of Democrats, some two-thirds at least of whom were in favor of free coinage, has each time rejected the bill passed by the Senate. But when the votes in the two branches are analyzed, the remarkable result is found that the Democrats passed the bill in the Senate each time, and the Republicans each time defeated it in the House. The causes of this complicated condition of things are too many to be recounted here. It is enough to note that the evidence is strong that there is no general and steady sentiment for free silver in the nation, and that the votes in Congress have been determined largely by local conditions in limited portions of the republic. But it would be unjust to omit a tribute of profound respect and gratitude to the "honest-money Democrats" in the House, without whom the disgrace and disaster involved in the passage of a free silver bill could not have been avoided.

One question there is besides these that requires notice, not for any particular bearing it may have, but for the light thrown by its treatment upon the capacity of Congress for the management of expenditures. The last Congress won the unpopular title of the Billion Congress by appropriating at its two sessions a little over $1,000,000,000. That fact counted for much in the change of 1890. The House at the first session of this Congress has broken down almost hopelessly in its efforts to reduce appropriations. It has "strained at the gnats" of many small items, some of them necessary and proper, but it has "swallowed the camel" of the largest river and harbor bill known to the history of Congress. And it has committed this capital blunder because the personal political advantages of individual members has far outweighed their duty to party, and blinded them to the requirements of sound public policy. In this work the Senate has been as bad as the House, and, in a sense, worse. In other words, it is pretty plain that for the semi-administrative function of determining and distributing expenditures, Congress, as now organized, is incompetent.

A FOREST PARK.

NEW YORK ought to possess a forest. London and Paris have their sylvan retreats, and the metropolis of the New World should follow their admirable example. It owns many hundreds of acres of rural parks about which the city will crowd within the coming generation, and now is the time to prepare for the future inhabitants of New York a cool and healthful retreat at their very doors.

There is one park especially that would lend itself to sylvan treatment. Pelham Bay Park is in some respects the most delightfully situated reservation of its kind in the world. Beginning south of the broad Pelham Bay, it skirts the Long Island Sound for nine miles. It contains 1700 acres, and consists of a succession of old family estates. Some of the houses within its borders are famous for their age or for their associations. The houses are going to decay because the Park Commissioners have no funds for their repair. There are rare old gardens whose wild luxuriance is often more beautiful than the well-trimmed walks and lawns of their smarter days. There are sightly heights from which one may enjoy wide views of the Sound and of the Long Island shore beyond, and there are bosky dells rich in herbage and wild flowers. There are quiet coves along the shore with rocky bottoms where the striped bass and the toothsome flounder love to swim. There are great stretches of lawn and meadow, and off shore there are islands breaking the broad expanse of water.

The landscape-gardener who would do this delightful park justice, and at the same time devote it to the best interests of the city, would leave Nature almost entirely to herself. A great artist has composed a beautiful rural retreat in what is now the very heart of the city, has made for us a garden of delights, and has so secluded the walks and meadows of the Central Park that one may not only escape there the noises of the town, but its very presence. He would not need to repeat this composition in the Pelham Bay Park. Art has already done much for these old acres. The lawns about the fine mansions have been carefully cultivated, and, until the city acquired the property, the shrubbery, some of it very rare, was under the constant supervision of skilful gardeners.

Here is the opportunity for the planting of a city forest. Already there exists a nucleus for a wood. There must be within the park three or four hundred acres of groves, and there is no reason why there should not be a forest of at least 1500 acres. The artistic value of this combination of water view and woodland will be apparent to every lover of Nature. The roads in existence could be maintained for entranceways, and other roads and bridle-paths might be cut through the park. But the roads should be of the most rural character, the trees and herbage intruding a little on their regularity. There is no objection to a slight macadamizing, but it should be carefully applied so that the feeling of the woods should not be interrupted. The trees should be planted so far apart that each individual might attain its sturdiest growth, and they should be trimmed up well from the ground so as to allow the play of air and sunshine on the trimmed sward that should be free of underbrush. The trees should not be permitted to crowd upon the highways destined to be paved streets at no distant day.

The sanitary advantage of this great forest lung to the crowded city of the future cannot be overestimated. Its cool umbrageous seclusion would afford both health and pleasure to the thousands who would avail themselves of it, while its uplifted mass of foliage would itself be an important promoter of the health of the community.

When the time comes for the Park Commissioners to consider what shall be done with the city's valuable rural park property, it is to be hoped that they will give due consideration to the suggestion that a forest be planted along our nine miles of shore.

THE TROUBLE WITH CANADA.

The difficulty concerning canal tolls between the governments of the United States and Canada is a symptom of the commercial unfriendliness that the Canadians have manifested toward this country since the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854.

The stipulation between the two countries is that the citizens of each shall use the border canals of both on the same terms and under the same conditions. Mr. Harrison insists that Canada has violated this compact by granting rebates to vessels carrying merchandise for shipment from Canadian ports.

The Canadian answer is that the rebate is granted to vessels of the United States as well as to those of Canada, that, consequently, the agreement has not been violated, because the citizens of the two countries stand on an even footing with one another. This is true so far as the owners of vessels are concerned, and if the vessels are bound to Canadian ports. But it does not answer the complaint of an American captain bound for Boston, who objects to the rebate granted to a Canadian captain with a cargo destined for Montreal, to say that a similar rebate will be granted to him if he will carry his grain to Montreal.

The spirit of the agreement is that the canals of the two countries along the border shall be used in common. The Canadians, however, are using their great canal for the purpose of diverting trade from the ports of the United States. For many years they have endeavored to build up their commerce by war upon the trade of this country through harsh regulations and exactions The constant thought of many of their statesmen has been to deny to the trade of the United States privileges that are bestowed by the common law of nations. As long ago as when Henry Clay was Secretary of State, Canada undertook to limit the right of the vessels of this country to navigate the St. Lawrence, and now it is insisted that if our vessels are to enjoy all the privileges of the Canadian canal, they must carry their cargoes to Canadian ports.

The proposed retaliation is simple. If grain destined for Montreal pays less freight in the Welland Canal than grain for Boston, then it must pay higher tolls in the Sault Ste. Marie Canal. Wheat from the fields of the Northwest cannot be carried to Canada cheaper than to the cities of the United States. This is the *lex talionis* of nations. Some day we shall have a better state of things when Canada learns that commerce flourishes best between friendly powers.

"GOOD GOVERNMENT."

Under this title appears the first number of the official journal of the National Civil Service Reform League, with which the *Civil Service Record*, of Boston, and the *Civil Service Reformer*, of Baltimore, have been consolidated. Mr. Dana of the former and Mr. Bonaparte of the latter aid, in the committee of publication, the more extended enterprise, while Mr. Francis E. Leupp, the able correspondent at Washington of the New York *Evening Post*, is the editor and manager. The journal, therefore, is in no sense an experiment, commanding the trained skill and ripened judgment of a successful journalist at its head, with the counsel of experienced workers in the special field. It will be, as the first number shows, absolutely unpartisan, seeking solely to make clear the requirements of the principles of civil service reform, which are obviously those of good government, to which both parties are more or less explicitly pledged, and which every citizen must earnestly wish to see prevail. For this purpose it will be necessary fairly to criticise all officials intrusted with the appointing power, and, as occasion requires, the party responsible for them. It ought to be, and promises to be, an efficient force in the contest for emancipation from the spoils system, which has steadily advanced toward its final triumph.

THE PROHIBITIONIST PARTY.

On the 29th of June there assembled in Cincinnati a National Convention of the Prohibitionists of the United States, which, after a very stormy series of sessions, finally nominated for President John Bidwell, of California, and for Vice-President J. B. Cranfill, of Texas. The platform on which these two candidates go before the people is long and elaborate, and covers a number of declarations that have but a very remote relation to the evils of the liquor traffic. Among these is one that is very near free trade, another that is very near the extreme of inflation, others that denounce speculation and "corners" and dealing in "futures," etc. On the other hand, a resolution making opposition to the legalized sale or manufacture of liquor a test for the members of the party was voted down.

Yet it is not to be doubted that the ticket of the Convention does in reality represent the sentiments of a large body of voters in the United States, to whom the platform is a matter of no great significance, but to whom the cause is everything. Nor is it to be questioned that this body of voters will express their views and purposes at the polls in November. It is not likely that any one of them expects that the ticket can be elected, but they all believe that the end they cherish can be advanced by means of a national party, and better by that means than by any other. They have nothing to gain personally by the movement. Many of them are deliberately sacrificing their own interests in its support. They may be mistaken; they are certainly sincere.

The election returns of the last four years give some interesting information as to the strength of the Prohibition party and its distribution. In 1888, at the last Presidential election, the party cast 240,907 votes, which was a little more than 2.1 per cent. of the total vote. In the Congressional elections two years later, 1890, the vote was lighter, being 198,880, but the percentage remained very nearly the same, being a little over 2 per cent. But while this was the proportion of the total national vote, the power of the party in the several States is by no means indicated by it. In 1888 there were electors named in every State but one, South Carolina, and the vote ran from 41 in Nevada to 30,231 in New York. In Wisconsin it was 14,277; in Minnesota, 15,311, in Pennsylvania, 20,947; in Michigan, 20,942; in Illinois, 21,695; in Ohio, 24,350. In some of the States the proportion was nearly 6 per cent., in several it was between 4 and 5 per cent. This is not a vote that can elect a President, but it may easily defeat one, and in State politics it may be very important. As it is in State legislation that the principle of prohibition must be carried out, these figures are significant.

THE TROLLEY STREET-CAR SYSTEM.

The company owning and operating the principal street-car lines in New York city is seeking to get authority from the Board of Aldermen to operate a new cross-town street-car line with the trolley electrical system. This system, while operated under a variety of names and in varying forms as to details, is a simple one employing an overhead wire charged with a high current of electricity. This is connected with the car by means of a movable arm, which is the trolley. Though the mechanism is awkward and ungainly, it is by far the cheapest motive power that can be used to propel street cars. The companies operating street-car lines are naturally anxious to be permitted to use this power. To join suburban neighborhoods together there is no serious objection to the system, but to use it in crowded streets is most dangerous. Where it has been so used it has been a constant menace, and in Newark, New Jersey, where there is a line in operation, the accidents are of almost daily occurrence. In more crowded streets these accidents would probably be much more frequent.

And the supports for these wires are most unsightly. Great efforts have been made in New York and other cities to compel the burying beneath the ground of all electric-light and other wires through which currents of electricity are passed. This was because these wires overhead were a danger to life, and also a sad disfigurement of the public streets. Every objection that was good and valid against the electric-light, the telegraph, and telephone wires may also be urged against these wires for the trolley. The trolley system, though cheap, is awkward, and the electrical engineers who urge its adoption do not pretend that at best it is anything more than a temporary method of utilizing electricity as a motive power. Under such circumstances it would be a grave mistake to mar the public streets by the erection of the poles required by the system. It would be much safer and wiser to wait till the storage-battery system be perfected, before permitting any company to have the privilege of using electrical motive power in the crowded streets of any large city.

THE BROOKLYN "EAGLE."

The fashion of great newspaper buildings is not confined to New York. An extremely commodious one and well fitted has just been erected in Brooklyn by the *Eagle* of that rapidly growing and noble city, and the journal celebrated its fiftieth anniversary by a notable reception in its new home. The city of which it is the leading newspaper is a very different place from the quaint little half-Dutch, half-Yankee town in which it began its career. Brooklyn has pretty well outgrown the "lodging-house" status which New-Yorkers used mischievously to ascribe to it. It has become a great city, with business and social interests on a grand scale, with many beneficent and excellent institutions, and more than New York's civic pride and public spirit, and in bringing about this development the *Eagle* has had a powerful influence. It has always been one of the most skilfully and energetically conducted local journals in the Union, and may be said to have been the pioneer, as it is still the foremost, in that field. It has become, by the operation of the forces that bind a newspaper so intimately to the community in which it works and grows, one of the institutions of the city, as sure of prosperity and permanence as the school or the church.

THE PASSING OF THE FLANNEL SHIRT.

A few years ago there was great intemperance in the use of the flannel shirt. Newspapers preached in favor of it, until finally there was an outbreak of flannel. The linen shirt was laid away, and men and boys arrayed themselves in flannels, in which they looked comfortable even when they were suffering torture.

It is apparent, however, even on the hottest days, that flannel—real flannel—has worn out its welcome; and yet it accomplished a permanent reform in summer shirts during the brief time that it was with us. For itself it was impossible. The theory was good, but there was a missing middle. Heavy flannels are good for the man who works hard in a fierce heat, for they keep up the perspiration; but for the man who is in no such danger of sunstroke flannel is uncomfortable.

It is for this reason that the flannel shirt has passed, or rather has been modified. It shrank and was heavy, so threads of cotton were run through it. It was not pretty, and lines of silk were introduced. Finally very light cotton fabrics with collars and cuffs of respectable appearance were added, and men were enabled to be comfortable without disfiguring themselves.

The old-fashioned flannel shirt is good for its uses. It is good in a boat, or on the wheel, or in the iron-mill. Its adoption was a protest against the practice of keeping up appearances at the cost of peace of mind and coolness of body; but it was always an ugly and cumbrous thing. Its awkward collar made the neck hot. Its woollen threads made the body sensitive. It has gone, like many another predecessor of good things. It was the first step in a sensible departure—a first step that is not so far back in the past that it is not gratefully remembered.

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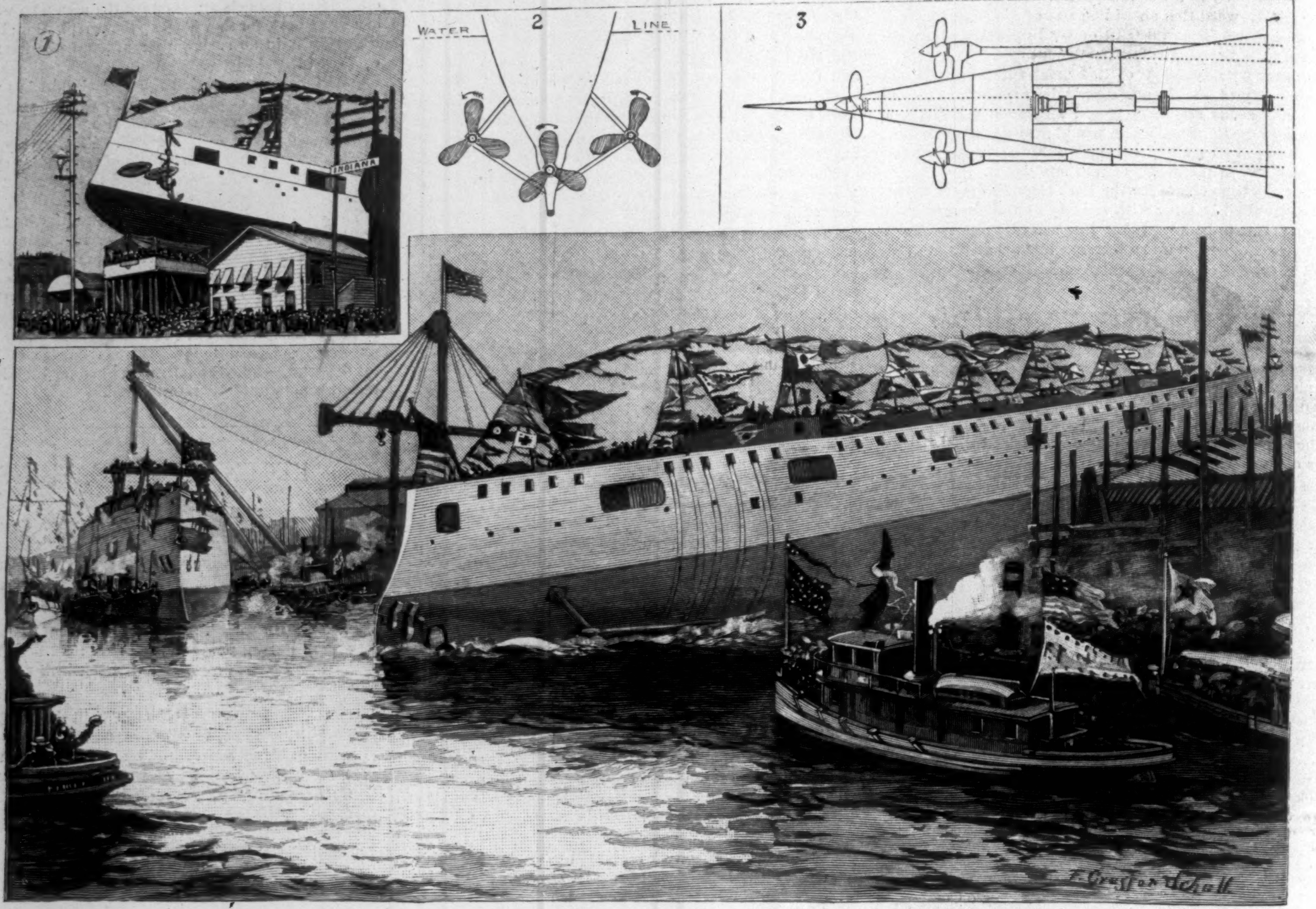
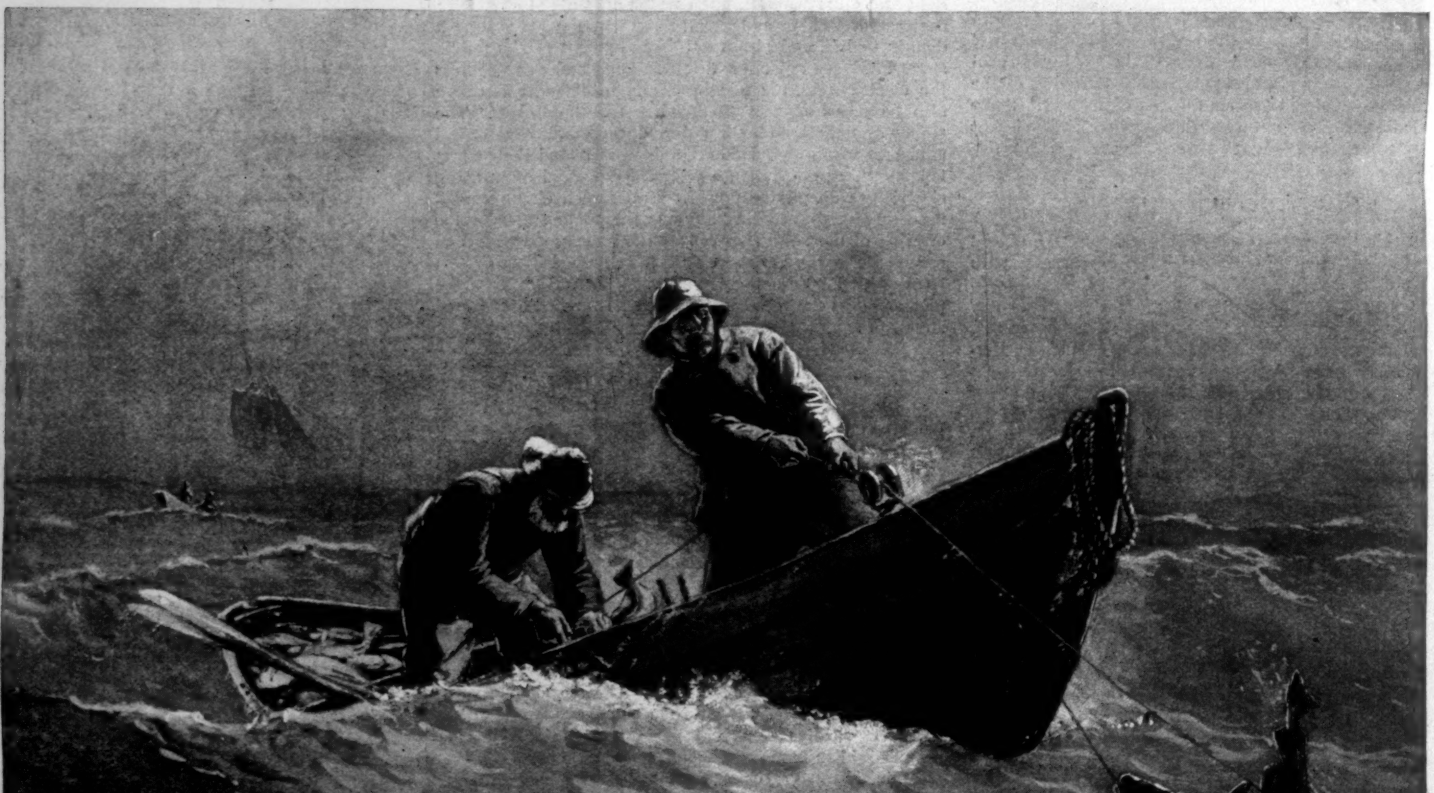
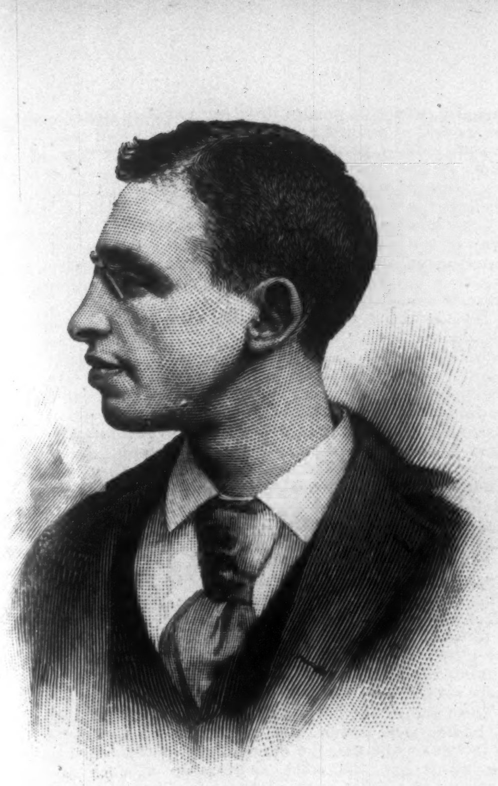

1
WATER
2
LINE
3
INDIANA
F. Cresson Schell

LAUNCH OF THE UNITED STATES CRUISER "COLUMBIA."—DRAWN BY F. CRESSON SCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 750.]

1. Bow of the *Columbia* previous to the Launch. 2. Longitudinal Section, looking forward, showing Arrangement of the Three Propellers. 3. Plan showing Arrangement of Triple Propellers.



COD-FISHING ON THE GRAND BANKS—HAULING TRAWL.—DRAWN BY A. W. BUHLER.—[SEE PAGE 750.]



ALEXANDER BERKMAN.

THE ASSAULT ON MR. FRICK.

Henry Clay Frick, the chairman of the Carnegie Steel Company, limited, and the most heartily hated man by the Homestead strikers and organized labor generally, ate his lunch at the Duquesne Club, in Pittsburg, about 1 o'clock on the afternoon of Saturday, July 23d.

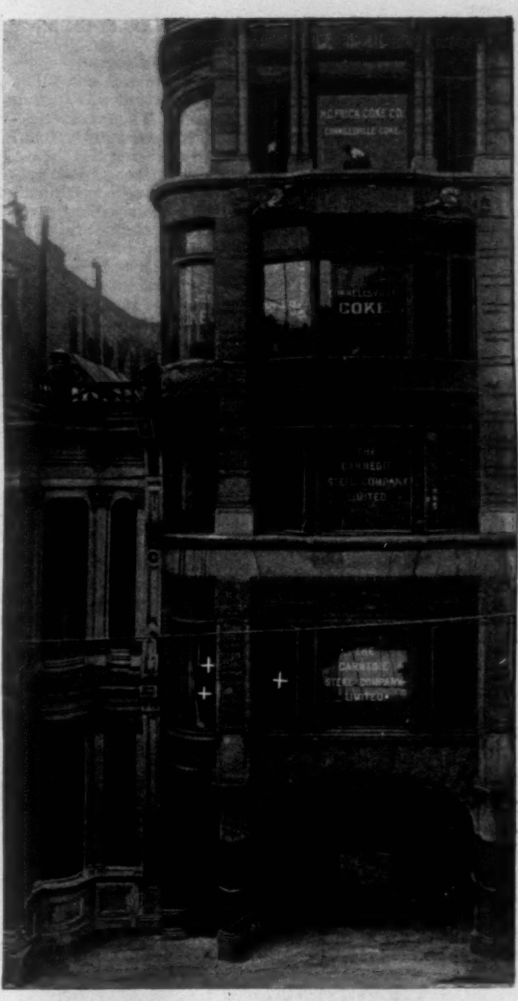
While he was in the club, two men loitered outside and closely watched the door, scrutinizing every man who left the place. Mr. Frick left the club-house about 1.30 o'clock, and walked leisurely up the street. These two men followed him nearly a block, and then stepped into an alley, where they stood and talked for perhaps five minutes. Mr. Frick, unconscious of the action of the two men, continued on to his office. The men separated in the alley. No one noticed what became of the one, but the other walked rapidly by a short route to the office of the Carnegie Company. He arrived there a moment before Mr. Frick, and walked up the stairs to the first floor, on which Mr. Frick's office is located. He did not go into the office, but paced up and down the hall, gazing at the floor.

Mr. Frick came up by the elevator. As he stepped off, this man approached him, and asked him a question about the location of the office of another official of the company. Mr. Frick told him it was several floors above, and then he went into his own private office, which is in the front of the building, with three windows opening on the street. It is divided from the main office of the floor by a partition of oak and glass, and in the middle of the partition there is a swinging door. The main office is divided through the centre by an oak railing, in which there is an unlocked swinging gate.

The man Mr. Frick left standing in the hall walked down the stairs again and out into the street. There is a question about whether he met any one there. According to the story told by one man, he did meet a man standing at the door, and after a moment's talk, this man handed a package wrapped up in brown paper to him. The pair separated at once. The man returned up stairs, this time by the elevator. He told the elevator boy that he wanted to go to Mr. Frick's office. The boy let him off at the first floor. He walked immediately into the main office, and handed the office-boy a card, on which was written, "A. Berkman, representing The New York Employment Agency." He said, sharply, to the boy, "Take this card in to Mr. Frick; I am in a great hurry, and must see him at once." This had been the man's third visit to the office during the day, and on the last visit before the one at which he met Mr. Frick in the hall, Mr. Frick had sent out word that he would see the gentleman at once, but before the boy got out with the message, the man had disappeared.

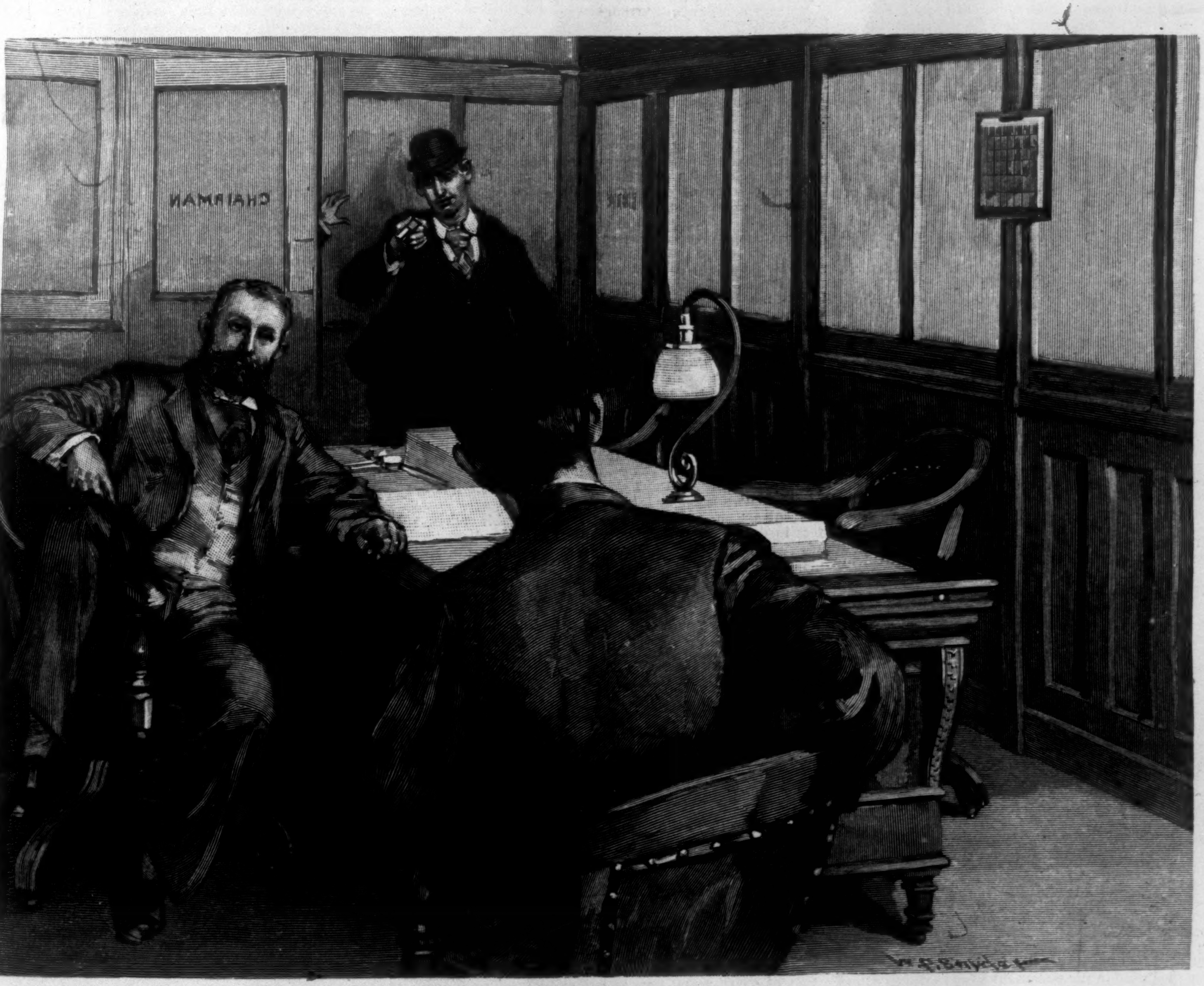
This time the boy said, "Yes, sir; I think he is waiting to see you now; just wait a minute." He started into Mr. Frick's office as he said this. The man hesitated a moment, and then pushed open the swinging gate and started in after him, unmindful of the call of one of the clerks to "wait a minute."

Mr. Frick was sitting at his desk, talking with Vice-Chairman Leishman, when the boy came in with the card. He said, "Tell the gentleman I will see him in a moment." The boy started out to deliver this message, when the swinging door was pushed open from the outside, and in strode the visitor. The boy tried to intercept him, but was brushed aside. In a moment the man drew a revolver and pointed it at Mr. Frick. Mr. Frick had been sitting with his face half turned from the door, his right leg thrown over the arm of his chair, and his left elbow resting on the desk. The little noise made by the pushing aside of the boy attracted his attention, and he turned. As he did so, and almost before he had realized the presence of the third party in the room, the man fired at him. The aim had been for the brain, but the sudden turning of the chairman spoiled it, and the bullet ploughed its way into the left side of his neck. The shock staggered Mr. Frick. Mr. Leishman jumped up and faced the assailant. As he did so, another shot was fired, and a second bullet entered Mr. Frick's neck, but on the left side. Again the aim had been bad. Mr. Leishman, who is a small man, sprang around the desk, and just as the assailant was firing the third time, he seized his hand and threw it upward and back. The bullet embedded itself in the ceiling back of where the man was standing. The struggle that ensued after the third shot was witnessed by men and women on the opposite side of the street. They had heard the three shots. Mr. Frick recovered almost instantly from the two shots, and ran to the assistance of the vice chairman, who was grappling with the would-be assassin. Leishman had



EXTERIOR OF THE BUILDING.

+ The floor on which the assault occurred. + + Part of the struggle was seen by the people in the street through this corner window.



THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF MR. FRICK.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.

THE ASSAULT UPON MR. FRICK.—From Photographs taken expressly for "Harper's Weekly" by Dabbs, Pittsburg.

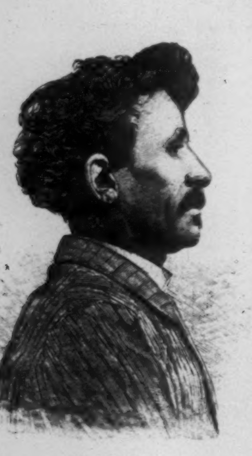
the man by the throat with one hand, while with the other he held the hand with the pistol. Mr. Frick seized the man about the body. The exertion made the blood spurt from his wounds, and it dyed the clothing of the assailant. The struggle lasted fully two minutes. Not a word was spoken by any one, and no cry had been uttered. The fast-increasing crowd in the street looked up at it open-mouthed and apparently paralyzed. There were no calls for the police, and no apparent sign of excitement, only spellbound interest. The three men swayed to and fro in the struggle, getting all the time nearer to the windows. Once the assailant managed to shake himself loose, but before he could bring his revolver again into play, Mr. Leishman had his hand fast. At last, by a clever kick, Mr. Leishman knocked the man's knees from under him, and the combined weight of himself and Mr. Frick bore the man to the floor. In the fall the man succeeded again in loosening one hand, and with it he drew an old-fashioned dirk-knife from his pocket, and began slashing with it. He held it in his left hand. Mr. Frick was trying to hold him on that side. Again and again the knife was plunged into him until seven distinct wounds had been made, and then Mr. Frick succeeded in catching and holding the arm. At the first sign of the knife the crowd in the street seemed to recover itself, and there were loud calls of "Police!" "Fire!" and several other things. It was about the time, too, that the knife was brought into play that the clerks in the main office recovered from their stupefaction, and rushed pell-mell into the office of their chief. Deputy-Sheriff May, who happened to be in the office, was in the lead. He drew a revolver, and was about to use it, when Mr. Frick cried: "Don't shoot! Don't kill him! The law will punish him." The deputy's hand was seized and held by one of the clerks, while half a dozen others fell on the prostrate assailant and relieved Mr. Frick and Mr. Leishman. The police were in the office in a few minutes and took the man away. Fully two thousand people had gathered in the street, and there were cries of "Lynch him!" "Shoot him!" and the like, but the police got him safely to the Central Station, where, when he was searched, two fulminate of mercury caps, with which it was evident he had intended to blow his head to pieces, were found in his mouth. They were similar to the caps with which Lingg, the Chicago anarchist, killed himself a few days before he was to be hanged.

A curious thing about Mr. Frick's injuries was that had the course of any one of the wounds been half an inch in either direction from the course taken, any one of them would have reached a vital organ, and he would have been killed. At latest accounts the wounds are healing, and he is practically out of danger.

Whether or not the attempt on his life was the result of an anarchist plot is a disputed question. The police believe it was, and they have arrested five men, three of whom they say they will be able to prove were in the conspiracy. They are looking for other men. Berkman himself swears that he alone is responsible, that he came to Pittsburg for the purpose of killing Mr. Frick because Mr. Frick was an enemy to the labor men. No one knew of his intention, he says, and he persistently insists that he is sorry he did not succeed in killing his man. Berkman is a Russian Hebrew. He says that he is both an anarchist and a nihilist. He is twenty-one years old, and has an unintelligent and an evil face. Physicians who have examined him say they do not think he is insane.

The Homestead strikers generally denounce the act, though some of them say they are not very sorry about it.

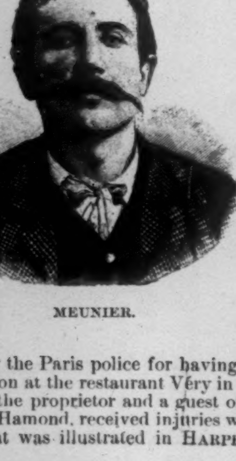
W. J. Chamberlin.



FRANÇOIS.

FRENCH ANARCHISTS.

The French government has notified its agents in the United States to maintain a strict watch for the arrival in America of the two men whose portraits are here appended. François, *alias* Francis, and Meunier, *alias* Le Bossu, are anarchists wanted by the Paris police for having planned and caused the explosion at the restaurant Véry in the month of March last, when the proprietor and a guest of the place, a type-setter named Hamond, received injuries which resulted fatally. The event was illustrated in Harper's Weekly dated May 7th. At the time of the occurrence both these men were arrested, but, on proving alibis, were discharged. They then fled to England; but soon after the fact that they were really the authors of the explosion was elicited through the confession of some other anarchists. The attempted capture of the couple in England was frustrated by their sudden disappearance from their usual haunts, and their presumed departure for the United States on board a sailing vessel which cleared from Liverpool upon Thursday, July 21st. The crime at the Café Véry was committed in revenge for the arrest there of the notorious Ravachol, recently guillotined under a conviction for murder. François is said to have made the bomb, and Meunier to have deposited it in the restaurant. If arrested here, they will be extradited, and probably suffer the capital penalty, as the evidence against them is thought to be conclusive.



MEUNIER.

THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

This latest addition to the White Squadron was authorized by act of Congress, June 30, 1890, and the contract awarded the following November to the William Cramp & Sons Ship and Engine Building Company of Philadelphia, for $2,725,000. In this vessel, popularly known as the "Pirate," officially during her construction as "Protected Cruiser No. 12," and now on the navy roll as the *Columbia*, the department has succeeded in producing a vessel absolutely without parallel among the war-ships of the world. Best of all, the *Columbia*, to consort with her name, from stem to stern is the product of American brains. Secretary Tracy does not believe in foreign models for American war-ships; he believes, and circumstances have made this belief a conviction, that American ship builders, whether in wood, iron, or steel, are fully equal to all the latter-day problems of ship-building.

In the *Columbia*, which when launched was christened by Miss Edith Morton, a daughter of our Vice-President, the remarkable combination has been secured of a sufficient armament with complete protection against light guns, while at the same time possessing a sea-speed and a coal-endurance hitherto unknown in men-of-war. She will be in speed more than a match for the swiftest transatlantic liner afloat today, besides carrying any armament of which such a vessel is capable.

The designs for the hull stand to the credit of Chief Naval Constructor Theodore D. Wilson and his able Assistant Naval Constructor Philip Hichborn. Those for engines, boilers, and the triple-screw arrangements were perfected by the Bureau of Steam-engineering, of which Engineer-in-chief George W. Melville is the head. The contract for the construction of the *Columbia* requires a speed on her trial trip of twenty-one knots an hour sustained for four consecutive hours. Her indicated horse-power must be 21,000, and the engine power given to the vessel is such that she is without doubt expected to make twenty-two knots an hour. That is a greater speed than the dynamite-gun cruiser *Vesuvius* attained on her trial trip. For every quarter-knot of speed attained on her trial trip above the required twenty-one knots, the Cramps will receive a premium of $50,000.

This great speed is to be obtained from three screw propellers, driven by triple-expansion engines of the highest power and finest workmanship. This triple-screw idea is not entirely new, but it has only recently been applied to large vessels, and never before in this country. Seven or eight years ago some triple-screw torpedo-boats were built in England for the Italian navy. The French war-ship *Dupuy de Lorne*, just completed, is the first large vessel to be fitted with three screws. The idea in having these three screws was to avoid the heavy shafting which would have been necessary if but two screws had been used. In such an event each shaft would have had to be heavy and strong enough to transmit over 10,000 horse-power, while with three screws each shaft has but about 7000 horse-power to transmit. Then, too, the disastrous consequences of a complete break-down are lessened, because each of the three screws can be worked independently of the others. Each shaft is of forged steel sixteen and a half inches in diameter.

So far as the triple-screw idea has been tried abroad, it has not been a pronounced success. This, however, was proven to be because all three screws occupied the same vertical plane; to overcome this difficulty the side screws in Mr. Melville's plans are situated fifteen feet forward and *above* the centre one, so that the water from these side screws will not interfere with that flowing into the periphery of the centre one. Each of these three shafts is fitted with a disengaging coupling, so that the propellers may be free to revolve when not in use. Thus this mammoth cruiser may be propelled at the comparatively slow speed of fourteen knots by the centre screw, at a medium speed of seventeen knots by the use of the two outer ones without the third, and at a maximum speed of from twenty to twenty-two knots by all three together.

There are ten boilers; six of these are double-enders, 15¼ feet in diameter; two others are 11⅜ feet in diameter by 18¼ feet long; and the remaining two, which are single-ended, are 10 feet in diameter and 8 feet long; all are made of steel, and built to stand a pressure of 160 pounds to the square inch. The eight largest can be used under forced draught, 216,500 cubic feet of air being forced into them a minute, when running at full speed. Her machinery will be of the most intricate character. Each of the three screws will be worked by a separate vertical single-expansion engine, each in a separate water-tight compartment. The diameter of their high-pressure, intermediate, and low-pressure cylinders, respectively, will be 42, 59, and 92 inches. The stroke of each will be 42 inches, and at maximum speed they are expected to make 160 revolutions a minute. Under the forced-draught conditions her horse-power will run up to 21,000! Besides these powerful engines there will be others for forced-draught and ventilating machinery, electric-lighting and hoisting, also steam-pumps and steam steering-gear.

According to the original plans, the length of the *Columbia* was to have been 400 feet, and her tonnage displacement about 7500 tons; these conditions, however, were subsequently changed; as completed she measures 412 feet at the water-line, with 58 feet beam, and a mean draught of 24 feet. In length she exceeds the *New York* by 32 feet, and the *Philadelphia* and *Baltimore* by 77 feet, thus being not only the longest vessel in our navy, but the longest ship ever built in the United States. Her tonnage under the increased length is 8011, a little less than the *New York's*, but exceeds that of every vessel now in commission. The tonnage of the battle-ships *Massachusetts* and *Indiana* on the stocks next to where the "Pirate" lay will be 10,000.

The most notable feature of the *Columbia* is her coal-capacity, which is greater than any naval or steam vessel in the world. The bunkers will hold 2000 tons of coal, which is sufficient to permit her to maintain an average of ten knots an hour for 109 days, without entering a port to re-coal, thus giving her a cruising radius of nearly 25,000 knots—about the circumference of the earth. When it is considered how badly off in coaling stations the United States navy is, the moral effect such a vessel will secure for this government and its commerce cannot be overestimated. Fourteen knots an hour will be the usual cruising speed of the new vessel.

The *Columbia* will carry no big guns, but her armament will be all that is necessary to disable or intimidate any merchant-vessel afloat, and, at the same time, sufficiently heavy to be able to hold her own against an adversary in her own class. Her heaviest gun will be an 8-inch breech-loading rifle, mounted aft, on the main-deck. If the *Columbia* should ever be called upon to run away before a more heavily armed vessel, this gun could throw some shells that might make a "stern chase" pretty hot work. Then there will be two 6-inch breech-loading rifles, mounted forward, and eight 4-inch breech-loading rifles on the gun-deck, four on each side. The 6-inch guns forward will prove very effective and persuasive in inducing an enemy's merchantman to heave to, by firing a shot or two across her bows. And should the warning not be heeded, these same guns can be turned upon the hostile vessel with damaging effect. The secondary battery, so far as decided upon, is to consist of two 6-pounder and four 1-pounder rapid-fire guns; machine or Gatling guns may be added, or the number of six and one pounder guns increased; she will also carry six torpedo tubes.

The vitals of the vessel are protected by an armored deck of nickel-steel armor, 4 inches thick on the slopes and 2½ inches on the flat, the edges of this deck will be below the water-line, the sides sloping up at such an angle that any shot that may pierce her sides will be deflected by the armored deck. Beneath it will be situated the engines and boilers, dynamos, pumps, and other machinery, as also the shell and magazine rooms. In addition to the protective deck there will be a coffer-dam, 5 feet wide, extending entirely around the ship at the water-line. This belt will be filled with the new water-excluding material, celulose, which, if pierced by a shot, swells up at once by contact with the water, and so closes the hole made by the shot. The coal-bunkers will also afford additional protection, being situated along either side. The heavy guns on the main-deck will be protected by shields attached to the gun-carriages. The 4-inch guns will be set in sponsons having armor from 2 to 5 inches thick. She will have two masts, but without military tops, and four smoke-stacks to carry off the smoke and gases from her furnaces.

The accommodations for officers and crew will be spacious, well ventilated, and well lighted; all the modern appliances for exhausting the vitiated air and for lighting have been duly incorporated in her design; in fact, great care and consideration have been devoted to these items of her construction. A successful man-of-war must be made just as habitable as any passenger vessel. The hull is also double below the water-line, and it is divided into numerous water-tight compartments.

In appearance, when fully completed, the *Columbia* will so closely resemble a merchantman that unless her configuration was well known by any enemy's vessel, the *Columbia* could get within easy range before her identity was fully established. If all the expectations are fully realized, there is nothing afloat she cannot overhaul, and nothing she cannot show her heels to. Alongside the "Pirate" is the shell on the stocks of her sister ship, "Cruiser No. 13." Six such ships could exterminate the commerce of any country under the present conditions of commerce protection, and could thus, under these circumstances absolutely preclude the possibility of an attack from a commercial state, however threatening in its demands, powerful its fleet, or aggressive in its foreign policy. The *Columbia* is not only a "commerce-destroyer" but a "peace-compeller." When completed, the *Columbia* will cost over $3,000,000. One of the stipulations was that the entire vessel should be of domestic manufacture. Unless the Homestead troubles are unduly prolonged, and thus delay the delivery of her armor plates, the *Columbia* will be ready for service by October 1, 1893.

Harry P. Mawson.

COD-FISHING ON THE BANKS.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

There be fishing for play and fishing for business, and of the latter, catching cod with a trawl-line classes with hard work. A fishing-smack will carry with her from four to six dories (lap-streak boats with a flat bottom), and each dory takes out two men. Their apparatus consists of four trawl-lines, each one 300 fathoms long (1800 feet), called the ground-line, and to this are attached 300 gangings, three feet long, set 5¼ feet apart, and every ganging with a No. 14 cod-hook to it. Two buoys are carried, one having a black ball, the other a flag, and these indicate the position of the trawl. The men drop their ground-line in position, then, if the weather permits, put out all the trawls. By the time the last trawl is set the first one is examined, and the fish are hauled in. In the illustration, at the prow of the dory may be seen what is called a patent roller, which facilitates the work of passing over the line. Great cleverness is shown by the fisherman in taking advantage of a rising wave, which helps him to get the cod into the dory. To disengage the fish the doryman looks closely as to how the cod has been caught. If by the lips, he "slats" the fish, and in one motion, by a quick turn of the wrist, throws the fish off the hook into the tub. If the cod has been secured by the gullet, he unhooks by means of a small piece of hard-wood known as a "gob-stick."

In good weather the smack remains as near as she can to her dories, and when it is time to get in her men she takes them on board, or the hands pull to her. When there is a stiff breeze blowing, it is the nicest bit of seamanship to pick up dories. I have seen Captain J. W. Collins, now in charge of the United States fishery exhibit at Chicago, pick up his dories one after another, the smack going at racing speed. This was a neat bit of seamanship, of the near and close-shave kind, which would astonish any one not aware of the skill of a Yankee fishing skipper. Many times a heavy blow springs up, or there is a dense fog, and to regain their smack the dorymen have to fight for their lives. A few days ago there was an account of two men in a dory, belonging to a Gloucester fisherman, who were rescued in a starving condition some 380 miles from where they had set their trawls. They had been blown out to sea.

In prosperous seasons, when cod are plenty, the work is continuous. After the day devoted to trawling, the fish when on the smack must be cleaned, stowed away in ice, then the trawls looked over and baited. Sometimes the trawls are set and worked both day and night. Accidents to trawls are many. In very heavy weather the lines are badly chafed, and occasionally dog-fish nip off the gaugings, hooks and all.

Simple as may seem the method of trawl-line fishing, it does not date back more than forty years. Before 1854 or 1855 hand-line fishing was entirely in use. French fishermen set their trawl-lines many years before we did.

Endless have been the discussions as to the biggest cod. Cod of a hundred pounds have undoubtedly been caught. Off Cape Cod the average has been ten pounds, but the tendency of the fish seems to be to diminishing weights. The Georges Bank yields the heaviest fish. In order that nature shall supply man with all the cod he wants, a large female fish will have 9,000,000 eggs, and ordinary females 2,000,000. But a tithe of these eggs become fish, still there is a sufficiency of cod.

The United States Fish Commission has just issued a very remarkable table, showing the quantity of cod caught on our own fishing-grounds west of 65th meridian, and those east of it, that is, in the open Atlantic or off the coast of the British North American provinces. Our home fishing-ground, centring in Gloucester, marketed 19,960,356 pounds of cod, while the fishing-grounds east of 65° west longitude produced fully 50,000,000 pounds. The food of a large portion of the world depends on the catch of the *Gadus morrhua:*

THE WATER-TOWER.

One night not many weeks ago a fire was discovered in the cellar of a huge warehouse, filled in all its six stories with casks of liquors. This warehouse stood in a narrow street in the lower part of New York city, and all its neighbors were buildings of the same wide and lofty proportions, stored with inflammable goods of various kinds. The watchman who rushed breathless to turn in the alarm knew well that nothing could save the building, where casks were bursting, and bright persistent flames were leaping from cask to cask and along the liquid flowing over the floor, and that only the greatest speed would prevent a far-spreading fire. The engine companies that got the alarm knew the danger even a little fire always meant in that quarter of warehouses and immense and valuable stores.

In a few minutes from every direction came the sound of deep rumbling as the great wheels of the engines bounded over the granite streets. A half-dozen fire companies were making for the scene, the horses leaping and straining and stretching forward their necks. Not far behind came the hook-and-ladder companies and the hose-wagons. It was like the splendid onward dash of a battery, and the faces of the firemen clinging to the swaying and rushing machinery showed keen anticipation of the conflict that was to be. Before the watchman had had time to get back to the warehouse whence he had come, the entire appearance of the street had changed.

It had been dark and narrow and gloomy. He had heard only the echo of his own footsteps as he ran to the box. Now great crowds of people had surged in, ropes were stretched, and policemen were guarding them and holding back the crowds. The firemen were working within the lines, ladders were going up, axes were hammering at doors, engines were pounding away and sending up huge clouds of smoke. And all this scene of intense activity was lighted by the fire. It had been such a little blaze, more playful than wicked. But it had crept up the stairway to the first floor, and was soon one vast sheet; then to the second floor to burst casks and change their contents into a lake of fire; to the third floor, to the fourth, to the fifth. From the street at first only the open front door threw into the darkness the sight of the blazing furnace within, but as the firemen going up the ladders lifted the iron shutters over the windows of each floor, masses of flame and smoke whirled into the open air, a great cloud, dotted with sparks, hung high overhead, and a light as bright as sunshine filled the street.

But the firemen could not reach the fifth floor, into which the fire, climbing the stairs, had just thrown a curling wave of destruction. The iron shutters over these fifth-floor windows must be raised, so that the water could meet the front of the fire, and beat it back and stop its spread. As they were trying to do this, the shutters, which had been dark, suddenly began to emit light, and then to glow with a bright red, so that it seemed that the fire behind was seen as through glass.

Just then there came into the full light of the narrow street a long wagon bearing a curious-looking thing, not unlike some strange new gun, which was parallel to the bed of the wagon and raised a little from it. The three horses attached to this wagon drew it up opposite the great wall, from whose openings the fire was shooting long shafts halfway across the street. Six men, each having one end of a section of hose, jumped for the sides of the wagon, and began securing the hose to the six plugs, three on a side. One man, standing on a little step at the side, turned a valve.

No sooner had he done this than the long horizontal thing rose swiftly through the smoke until it stood perpendicular 30 feet from the street. Two men on the wagon turned a crank, and out of the end of this tall gun shot a round tube to a height of 20 feet more. They turned another crank, and the muzzle of the tube was pointing at one of the fiery shutters. The captain gave a signal; there was a sound of engines suddenly set to work; there was a sound of water rushing upward through the tube; and then, with a force like that behind a great cannon-ball, a solid bar of water more inflexible than a bar of steel shot from the muzzle, and literally burst the iron shutter from its fastenings, and sent it scurrying into the lake of fire within, and pursued it, spreading out into a flood.

In a few seconds thousands of gallons of water had swept the fifth floor of that building, arresting the flame on its way to the sixth floor, beating it back foot by foot, tearing up the flooring, rending casks into staves and staves into broken bits of wood, and sounding against the far rear wall of the building as though a cannonading were in progress. The water poured from the doorway into the street five stories below in a flood, and in two minutes from the first leap of water from the muzzle of the water-tower the fire was hidden in the midst of a dense smoke, where it lay smouldering and dying.

This incident tells the whole story of the water-tower and its use. At the ordinary fire, in buildings of three or four stories, whose windows are to be reached by ladders and by the streams from the street, the water-tower never makes its appearance. Only when an alarm sounds from a district full of tall buildings does the water-tower roll from the engine house, and then its tall iron pipe is not raised unless some height must be reached that can be reached in no other way.

There are three of these towers attached to the New York Fire Department—one at Chambers and Centre streets; one in West Thirty-sixth Street, between Ninth and Tenth avenues; and a third in Thirteenth Street, near Fourth Avenue. These three engine-houses are so situated that the water-towers in them may answer calls in any of the lower parts of the city, where most of the high buildings are. Now that very tall flat-houses are building on the upper west side and in Harlem, the Fire Commissioners propose getting two more water-towers.

The first water-tower was introduced here about ten years ago, and two of the three are of the original pattern, in which the tower is raised by hand, and the nozzle of the pipe only stands 40 feet above the street. The new water-tower, bought about two years ago, is in the engine-house at Chambers and Centre streets. Its pipe is raised by a small chemical engine, and is telescopic, so that it can be raised to a height of 65 feet or lowered to 30 feet. There is room for the hose from four engines on the old towers, and from six engines on the new tower. The nozzles of all the towers will turn in an arc of ninety degrees, which is greater than is ever necessary. These nozzles, which discharge the water with the force of four or six engines, are only a fraction of an inch larger than the ordinary nozzles held in the hand. It will be noticed that at the end of the truck of the water-tower shown in the illustration there is a short iron pipe, discharging a wider stream. This is fastened to the truck, and is used in throwing a volume of water into the lower windows of a burning house.

David Graham Phillips.

ONE VIEW OF THE WORLD'S FAIR.

BY M. A. LANE.

Uncle Ephraim, or Ebenezer, or Hezekiah, who returns to his home at Oshkosh, Paw Paw, Oshtemo, or Podunk, has fine opportunity to tell all his country friends about the marvels of that "Columby Fair." For the May weather is rare in these days, and a walk on the parade, nay, even out into middle of the pier at the famous site in the now famous Jackson Park, is a pleasure, and not a pain, as it once was. I do not go so far as to say that an extravagant sum of joy is to be taken out of a stroll through much of the park itself, for the bottom, like the historic bottom of Dixie, aptly described in the song, is sandy, even if the apposite cinnamon seed be appropriately missing. But cinnamon seed and sandy bottom are alike wanting on the parade that is constructed to admirably hedge the shore of Lake Michigan; wanting also on either of the piers, that run out into the water so far that the lap and "chug" of the waves against the piles, and the song the sea sings, make music that fits the superb spectacle stretching away before you to the west.

The parade was really the first bit of work that was made complete by the engineers. Perhaps that genius Mr. Root, the dead consulting engineer of the exposition, foresaw the necessities when he mapped out the scheme of the work, and provided that the shore walk should be finished first. At all events, there is no denying that never was this particular necessity appreciated so much as now, when throngs of visitors go to the exposition every day. The parade, or esplanade, is a serpentine path built of the new-style granolithic material that is so much used in the West and so little known in the East. It presents a footway laid, apparently, in hard flags of superior finish, and it lies between a well-constructed stone block beach on one side and lawns on the other. It is coextensive with the eastern line of the exposition grounds, clings to the shore at all its points, and offers the most tempting course for a stroll in all the lay-out.

At the north end of the parade—almost at its extreme north end—lies the coast-line defence battle ship that has been built by the United States government. And to the north side of the battle ship projects a pier into the lake, sunk with piles and constructed in frame-work. This pier and its vicinity is the favorite resort of the amateur photographer, for here he has a vantage especially valuable for his purposes. On one side he is presented with the Romanesque Fisheries Building, the domed building of Illinois, Woman's Building, and the noble galleries for the fine arts. On the other there is foremost the great structure of the main building, or that for the manufactures and the liberal arts, and beyond the grand arches of that rise the turrets, the pavilions, and the domes of the greater departments of the fair. Toward the left of the pier lies a little bay formed by the gently curving shore and the mass of the mock battle ship, and its white tide against the gray and red beach combines to make up a most pleasing picture. In the clear afternoon, on the cusp of twilight—if that figure be permissible—the exposition is peculiarly attractive viewed from the pier. The sky colors are unknown save in that latitude. It is the border sky between the pure azure seen only 100 miles further south, and the chilly gray-blue of 100 miles further north.

About the western horizon shows a clear golden-tinted blue or a blue-tinted golden, tremulous, but perfectly pure. No other combination of color could offer so superb a background. And in this light the great arches of the main building, the turret, the dome, the skylight, or the thinly clothed branches of the park trees lie so clearly cut and so sharply defined as to call out unconscious expression of admiration for the beauty in the drawing of it. Here, too, perhaps better than in any other one spot, can be appreciated the truly grand proportions of that big structure whose arches now shoot out into the air like the skeleton of some great house in a land of giants and building by giant men. For the distance of one-third of a mile along the shore of the lake stretches its high eastern wall. Here, on the pier, the eye grows weary at the prospect. A full-size freight locomotive is drawing a train of cars laden with lumber along the track that is laid beside the wall. Yet the engine with its train looks as it might if seen from a hill in the country—a mere toy train, the movements of the drivers invisible, and the thick smoke pouring from its funnel curling up like the puff from a cigar in the mouth of a man. The meaning of this statement will be made clearer when it is said that the other end of the long wall with its square pavilion stands directly opposite the pier, and that the men working on it seem quite natural in size; the men at work at the other end are simply moving dots.

It is possible that the dimensions of those giant arches may hold some interest for such as will not see them except when the fair has begun, and when they are covered over with their glass roof. (It may be said, parenthetically, that the glass of the roof will cover 11 acres, and that 40 car-loads of it will be used.) The great span overhead measures 385.10 feet. These spans, as illustrated in Mr. Graham's drawing, cover only a portion of the floor space. There is a minor span, on either side subordinate to the main archway. Each of these subordinate archways measure in the span 107.9 feet, and are by no means small or cramped. They are inferior only in comparison with the giant archway over the middle. On either side of these 107-foot spans are two minor archways constructed of wood, measuring 46 feet across, and roofing the sides of the interior. And in further addition to these is another series on either side of smaller dimensions; so that in all there are seven series of arches, the great 385-foot spans across the main section of the floor being the middle and chief series.

The measurements of the main building are generally given in two sets of figures, those describing the area covered by the main archway, and those embracing the whole area of the floor under all the series of roofs. That section of the floor lying directly under the main arches measures 385 feet wide by 1285 feet in length; and the total area of the floor covered by all the roofs is described by the dimensions 1687 feet in length and 787 feet in width. This will amount to an area of 31 acres. It is said by the superintendent of the building that if he had the work to do, he could build houses for a city of 4000 population with the material used in the construction of the fabric.

PERSONAL.

Michael Hennessy, who died on July 23d at Brooklyn, New York, was one of the oldest and most respected of American journalists. Born in Ireland in 1833, he came to the United States when a lad. In his eighteenth year he became attached to the New York *Times*, and for forty-one years his connection with that paper never was severed. Up to a day or so before his death, his duties as commercial editor of the New York *Times* were carried out. One most endearing trait in Michael Hennessy was his kindness of heart to those younger than himself in his profession, and he was a man who never had a single enemy. Faithful in his duties, giving without prejudice or bias the market-prices of the products of the world, this journalist had gained the respect of American merchants all over the country. Apart from his acquaintance with business, Mr. Hennessy was a highly accomplished collector of rare books, and was thoroughly versed in Irish history—past and present. Such a distinguished writer as Father Burke was proud of his friendship with Michael Hennessy. No higher type of an honest God-fearing man could be found, putting quite aside his great capability as a journalist.

—One of the most beautiful characteristics of the humanizing influence of modern civilization is the quickness with which the public heart responds when a worthy object is presented. No more striking instance of this has recently occurred than the general notice which the public press of this city gave to that noble charity illustrated and described in last week's Weekly, St. John's Guild. Almost without exception they said a kind word in aid of the good work, and invited the public to send contributions to the treasurer, Mr. W. L. Strong, No. 501 Fifth Avenue, New York.

—Few writers of American fiction have achieved a more enviable success than Miss Mary E. Wilkins, whose stories of New England life and manners are read with equal delight and enthusiasm on both sides of the Atlantic. The great literary papers of London have more than once commended the quality of her work, and now the *Spectator* says of her stories, "They are among the most remarkable feats of what we may call literary impressionism in our language, so powerfully do they stamp on the reader's mind the image of the classes and individuals they portray without spending on them a single redundant scene, a single superfluous word."

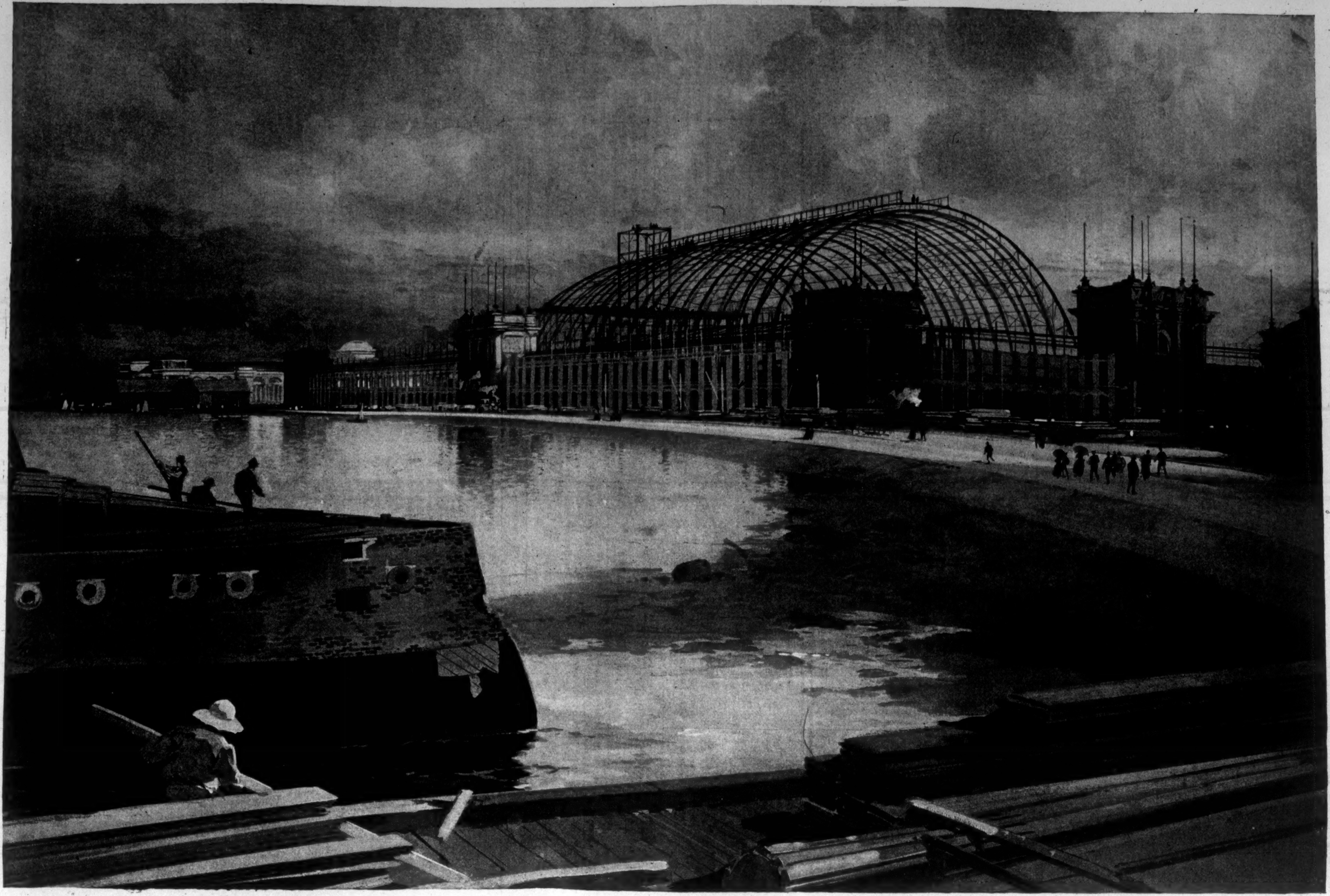
—Henry C. Morton, who died at Lexington, Kentucky, on the 25th of July, aged seventy-four years, had been during the greater part of his life prominently connected with the business interests of Louisville. He was distinguished for his strict integrity and fine mental attainments, and was a brother of the late John P. Morton, long at the head of one of the foremost publishing houses in the West.

—Ex-Governor Proctor Knott, who has long been an intimate friend of Mr. Adlai E. Stevenson, has made public some interesting reminiscences of the character and personal traits of the Democratic Vice-Presidential candidate. Mr. Stevenson is said to be a fascinating talker, as much at home in holding the attention of a crowd of illiterate laborers as in entertaining a circle of men distinguished in statesmanship or in literature. His private life has been so entirely blameless that he has never been known to utter "a syllable savoring of profanity, irreverence, or impurity." Mr. Stevenson's conversation is enlivened by frequently recurring flashes of wit, and during the period of his career in Washington many a *bon-mot* that made the rounds of the official circles had its origin in his lively fancy.

—The home at Chio, California, of General John Bidwell, the Prohibition candidate for President, is, to judge from the description of it, a veritable terrestrial paradise. The estate of 25,000 acres, naturally beautiful, has been so adorned and improved by the landscape architect as to make it probably the finest country place in the State. One of its most noteworthy attractions is a handsome park filled with deer, and lying just west of the General's house, and flowers bloom everywhere. General Bidwell is one of the most extensive fruit-growers in California, and his orchards and canneries give employment to great numbers of people. No wine is made from the grapes, which he raises in abundance, they being devoted entirely to table use.

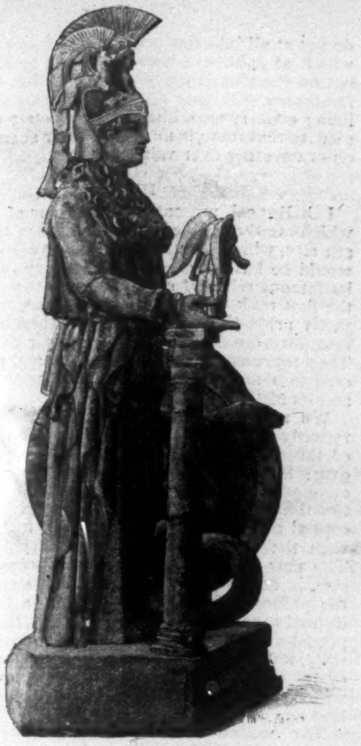
—The late Henry G. Gardner, who was Governor of Massachusetts in 1849, had a political career of brief but conspicuous prominence. He was nominated for Governor by the Know-Nothing party at the time it was at the height of its power, and his triumphant election was regarded with interest by the entire country. Upon the expiration of his term of office he was re-elected, but very soon thereafter he declined into political obscurity. In mercantile pursuits he remained prominent until his death, at one time possessing a handsome fortune. Mr. Gardner was about eighty-two years old.

—The honor which the Pope has bestowed on Eugene Kelly, the banker—that of Secret Chamberlain of the Sword and Cape—is a rare one, and has been but twice previously conferred on Americans. Mr. Kelly thus becomes a member of the papal household, the *famiglia pontifizia*, and thereby of high social position in Catholic countries. The costume and insignia of the order are black silk tights, with a tunic of the same color; a flat cap of the style of the sixteenth century, with plumes; and a short straight sword depending from a leather belt. Around the neck is a high ruff, and the shoes are ornamented with silver buckles. If Mr. Kelly goes to Rome to be invested with the order, he will receive the cape and sword from the Pope's own hands.

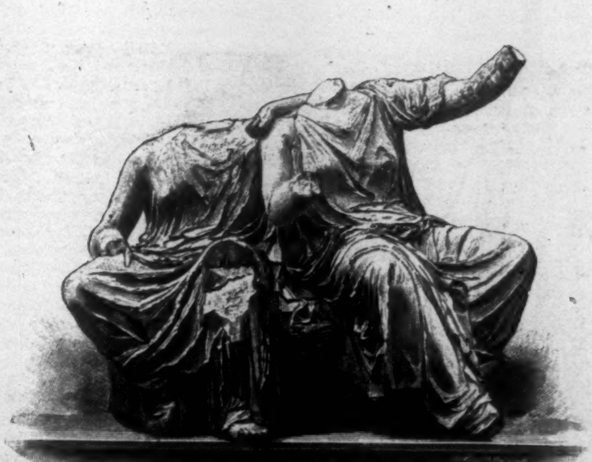


Bow of the Man-of-War being built for the Exposition.

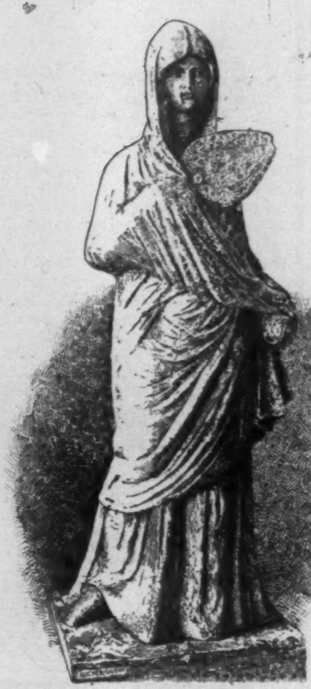
COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING—VIEW FROM LAKE SHORE.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 751.]



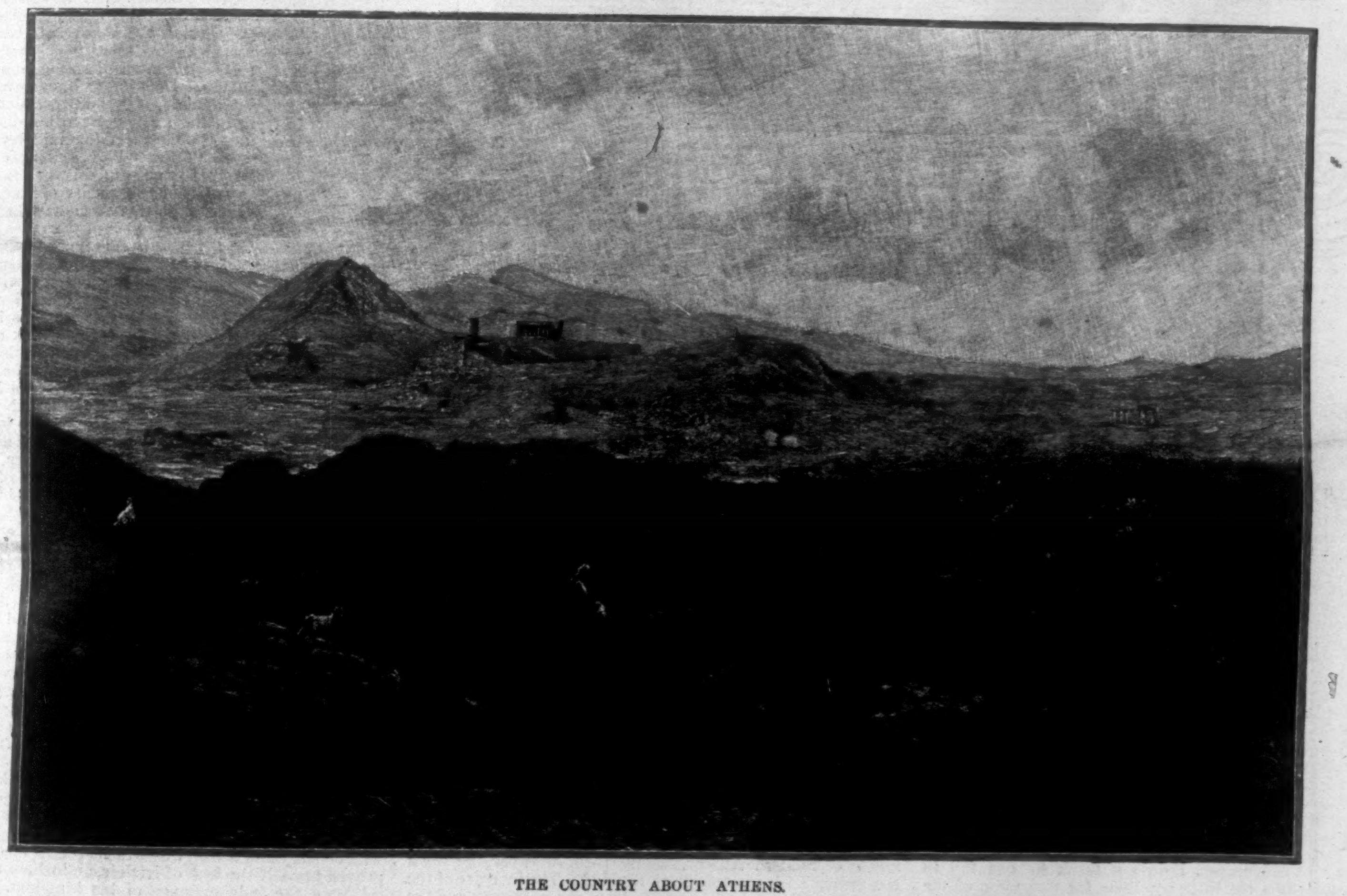
THE VARVAKEION STATUETTE—ATHENE PARTHENOS.



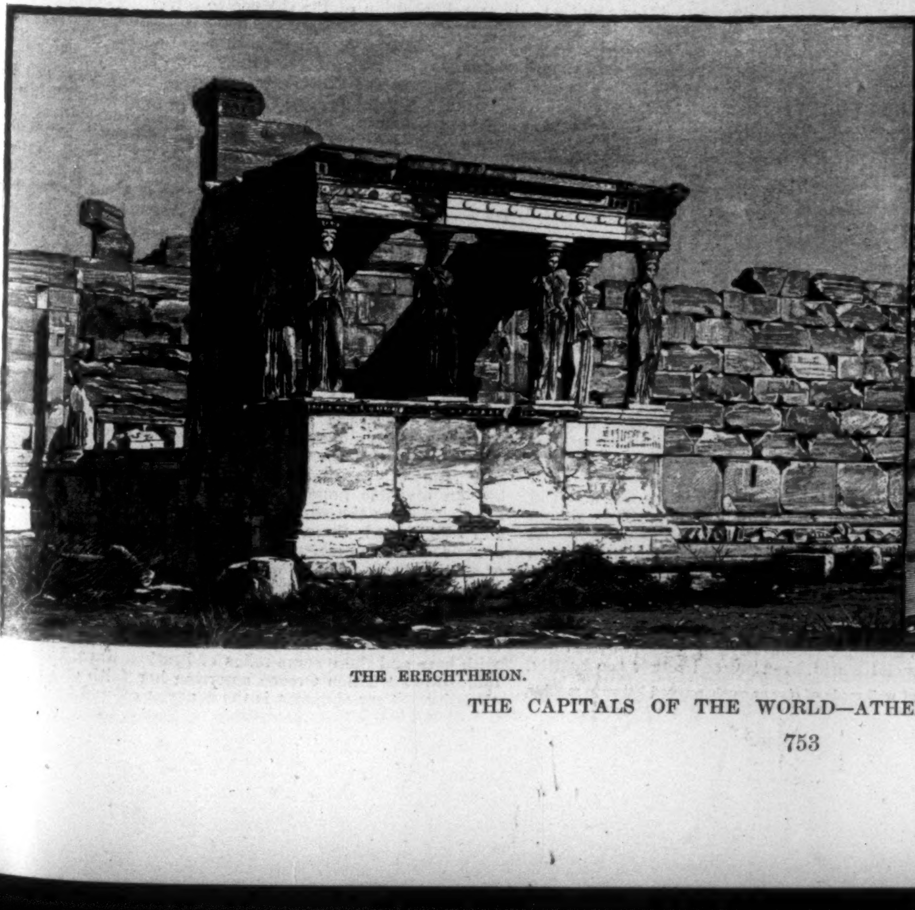
DEMETER AND PERSEPHONE.



A FIGURINE FROM TANAGRA.



THE COUNTRY ABOUT ATHENS.



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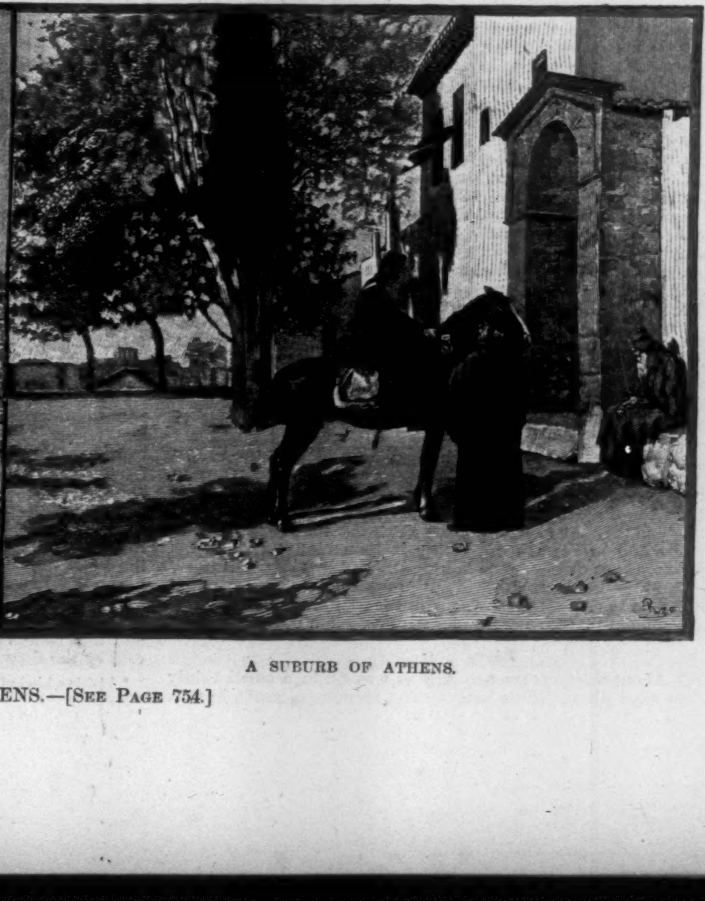
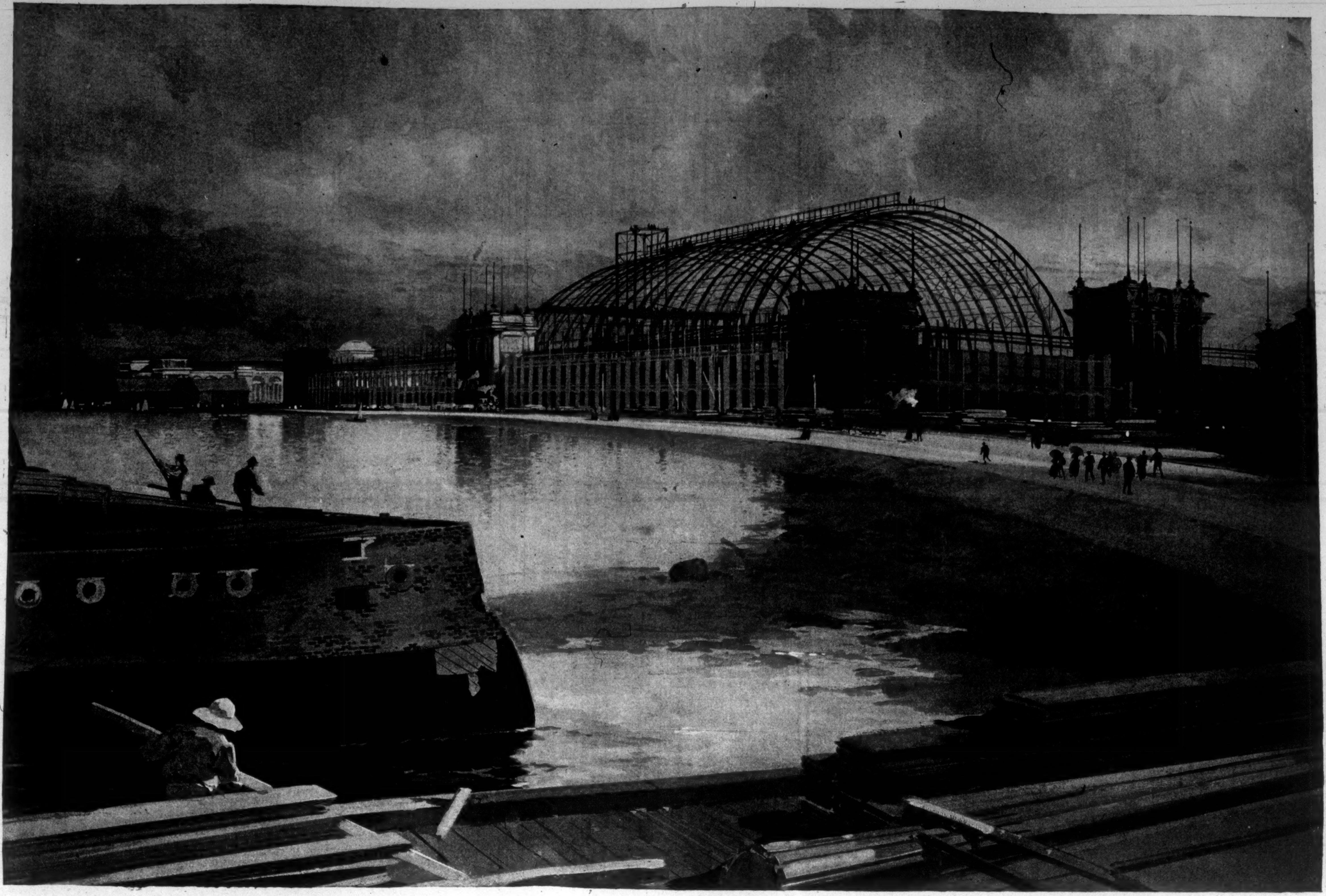


A SUBURB OF ATHENS.

THE CAPITALS OF THE WORLD—ATHENS.—[See Page 754.]



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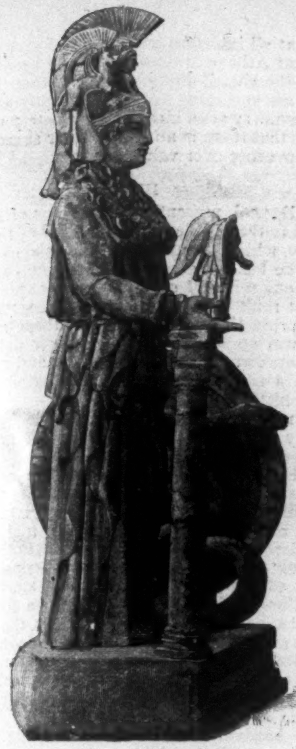
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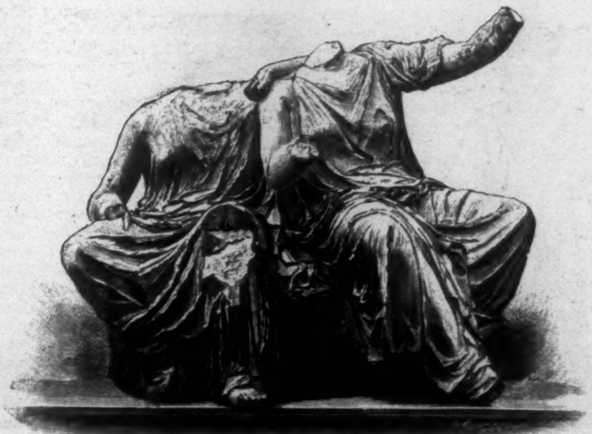
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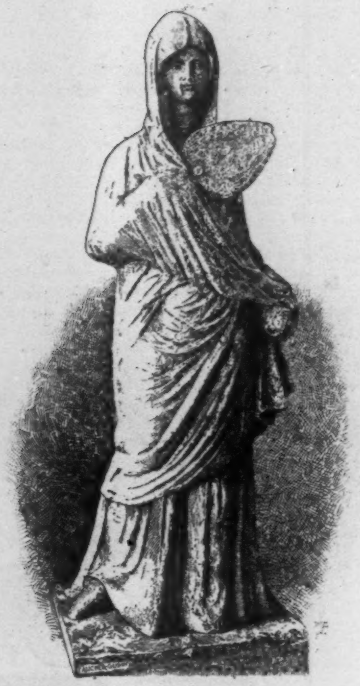
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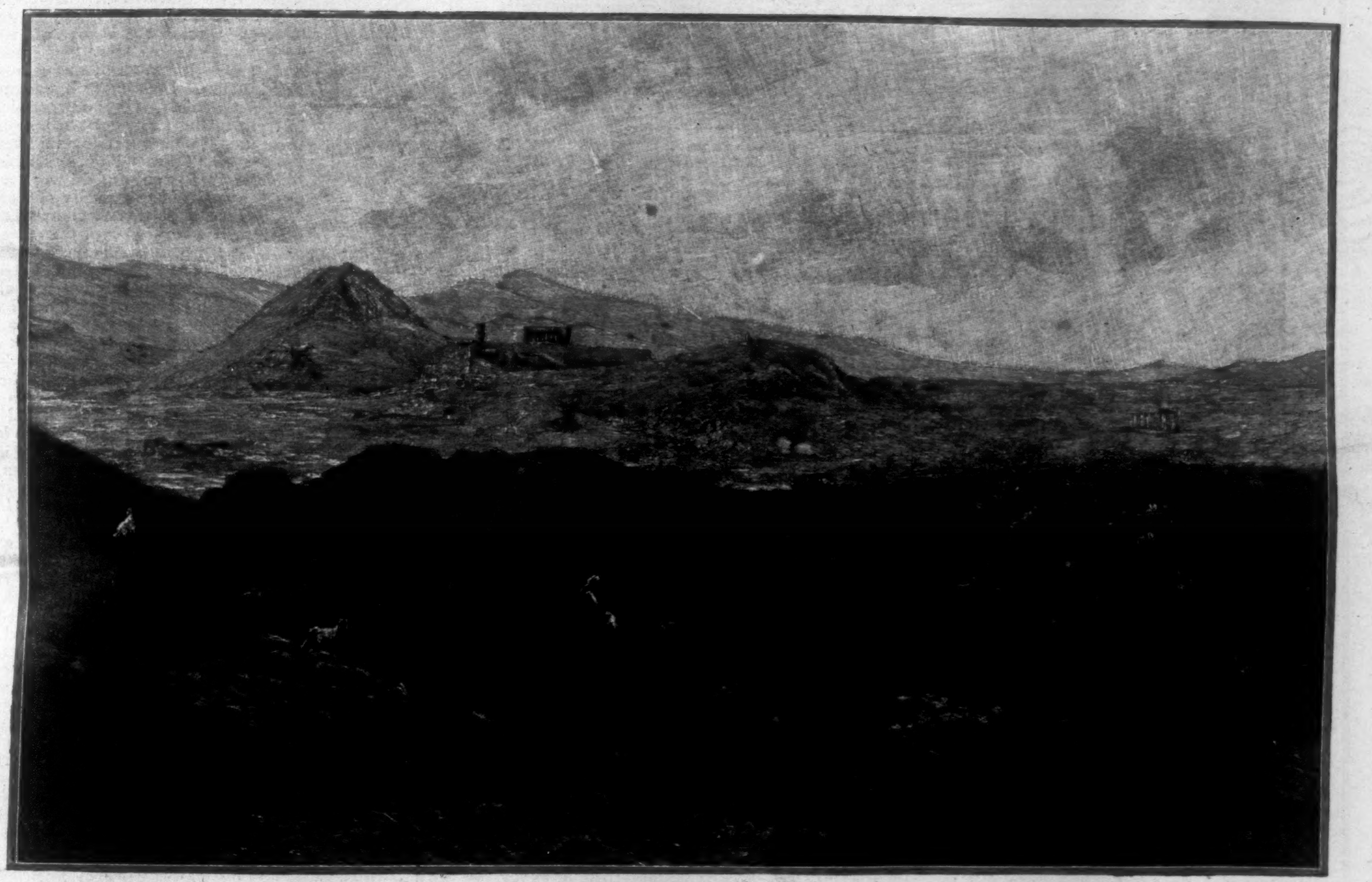
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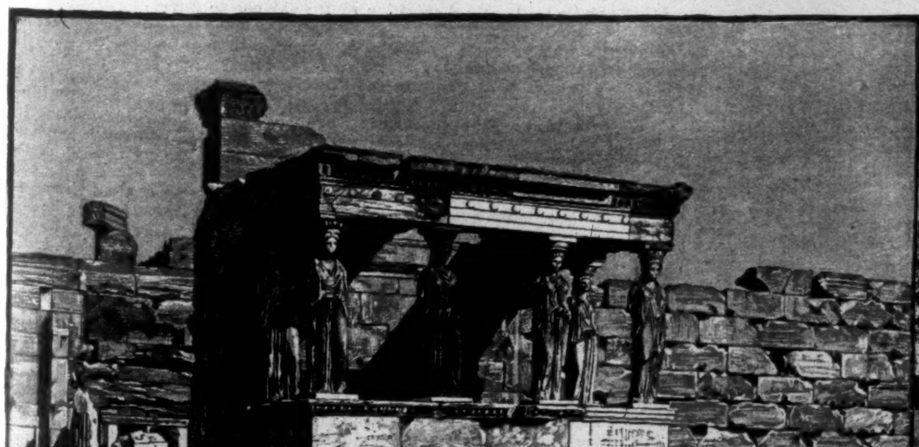
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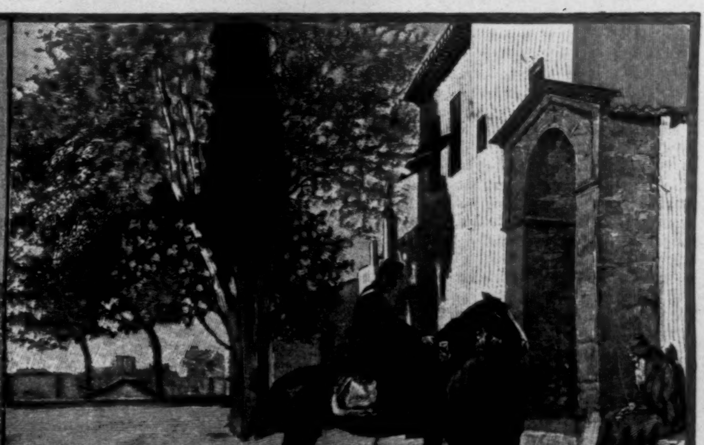
A SUBURB OF ATHENS.

THE CAPITALS OF THE WORLD—ATHENS.—[See Page 754.]

ATHÈNES

BY THE COMTE DE MOÜY.

I.

AT a turn of the avenue leading from the Piræus to Athens, the traveller suddenly comes in sight of a pile of reddish rocks, rising from a plain overlooked by lofty hills. However indifferent that traveller may be, or however weary of visiting buildings and landscapes, I do not think he can fail to be overtaken by some little emotion; for this view of the Acropolis and Parthenon appeals alike to the eye and to the mind with irresistible force. On the right and left of the vast district of Attica rise the giant outlines of the summits of Hymettos and Parnes; whilst opposite, at the further extremity of the amphitheatre, Pentelikon rears its mighty crest like the pediment of a temple, the space between these mountain monarchs being filled in with a forest of olives, their masses of tender verdure contrasting well with the yellowish-brown soil. But it is only with difficulty that the eye turns away from the sanctuary of Athens; it is the focus towards which converge all the beauties of nature with which it is surrounded. In vain beside it rise the pointed pyramid of Mount Lykabettos, and the rounded contours of the hill of the Muses; the brilliant sunshine seems to shine upon the resplendent lustre of the Acropolis alone.

This first impression can never be effaced; it is not merely imagination and the memories it calls up, it is the actual beauty of the scene itself which fascinates us; and if it be true that the prestige of the history of Athens has its share in the feelings which agitate us, it is no less certain that the rock hewn into the form of an altar, with the columns still standing erect upon its platform and gleaming beneath the blue canopy of heaven, form, quite apart from all associations, a thrilling and startling revelation of beauty. A celestial glory bathes this mighty eminence and its ruined peristyles, the lines of which blend so well with the height from which they rise that they seem from a distance to form but one monument, one grand work created by the single effort of a sculptor of supreme genius.

The town of Athens gathers about the foot of the Acropolis, and in the space dividing it from Mount Lykabettos rise groups of low white houses, divided by clumps of trees, scattered gardens, and wide avenues, the inhabitants seeming, so to speak, to rest secure at the foot of the sacred rock, confident that they are under the protection of a god.

II.

About thirty years ago Athens was quite a small thinly peopled place. Two long streets forming a cross, known as the Rue d'Hermes and the Rue d'Éole, into which opened a number of narrow alleys, the Boulevard de l'Université, and the avenue known as the Rue du Stade, the Place de la Constitution, or Palace Square, containing the residence of the King, with a few thoroughfares in course of construction, and the Agora, or mercantile quarter, made up the whole of modern Athens. Since then, however, the town has grown with extraordinary rapidity. The increase of the population, which has poured in from the provinces and the various Greek colonies of the East, drawn to Athens by that irresistible attraction ever exercised by a political and intellectual centre, gave an immense impulse to building, and as the town became bigger, its increased importance led to the influx of yet more inhabitants. Speculators in land and houses accelerated the natural growth, and now we see new quarters rapidly springing up all around the original *enceinte;* the approaches to Mount Lykabettos, especially the roads from the Piræus, Patisia, and Kephisia, are lined with well-built, even elegant villas; the Rue du Stade now reaches the spacious Place de la Concorde; the wide Boulevard de l'Académie has been built parallel with that of l'Université. Numerous minor streets connect these various thoroughfares, and a few rich citizens have had fine mansions of good style built for themselves. In fact, Athens has now become a very beautiful town, occupying a considerably larger area than did the ancient city, even in its most prosperous days. Then, indeed, the wooden or pisé[*] houses were crowded together in narrow spaces, as can be seen by the traces still remaining on the rocky heights, now deserted, on which they were built, round about the Pnyx, the Areopagus, and the Hill of the Nymphs, and on the banks of the Ilissus; the public buildings and temples, the palaces of some few wealthy families, such as that described by Xenophon in his work on Domestic Economy, alone being at all spacious. Modern Athenians, on the other hand, understand home life, and know as well as anybody how to appreciate the material advantages of civilization, and even of luxury. They choose sites of a suitable size for their houses, and as a result the town has invaded the country, and already far away from the heart of the city, on various parts of the plain, we see groups of houses gradually rising; groups which are still isolated, but which will soon be joined by others, thus sensibly widening the boundaries of the city of Minerva. I must add that these buildings, which have perhaps, in the interests of the financial world, been erected rather too hastily, do not at all interfere with those of archæology, which, at Athens, it does not do to ignore; it is not on the site of the ancient city that the new houses are springing up; they are only monopolizing country sites hitherto completely unoccupied, so that there is no risk of their encroaching on or covering over valuable ruins.

III.

I shall speak presently of the ruins of Athens, which are the visible heart and soul of the modern city, which, though a pleasant place enough, would be but a second-rate European capital if its famous relics of antiquity did not place it in the first rank. The Greeks know this well, and justly pride themselves upon it; these ruins, in fact, form an intrinsic part of their daily life. They represent all that is dearest and most sacred to a nation—its primitive religion, its art, and its history.

We must add, moreover, that the buildings recently erected, if they have not the grandeur of those of the past, have yet a value of their own; because they bear witness to a feeling amongst the citizens of the present day for national art, and a legitimate desire to give to their capital an appearance and dignity in harmony with the undying ambitions of a noble race. The new University, which is of considerable size, is of a style alike grand and simple, and the pillars of its façade rise from a fine well-lighted square; the gardens facing it, the statues placed at the approaches to its handsome peristyle, its pediment, and the skilful arrangement of its side wings form an architectural whole which would not have been unworthy of the best age of antiquity.

The Academy, built entirely of white marble, reminds us of the delicate beauty of antique temples; its elegant proportions, its fine Ionic columns, the graceful ornamentation of the capitals, the sombre coloring and gilding of the volutes and ovolos, the bass-reliefs with an azure background, the well-built walls, solid yet light, are a happy imitation of certain remains of the Erechtheion. Looking at it, one dreams of heathen ceremonials, of grand processions of virgins in front of the many-colored building in which predominates the gleaming milky whiteness of the marble of Pentelikon, and which looks not like a copy, but an original work faithful to the antique traditions of purity of line. It would seem as though this Academy had been produced in the very spirit of the times of the great masters; it is a very sanctuary of the Muses, the work no doubt of a disciple, but of a disciple of rare skill thoroughly imbued with the Attic spirit, which is that of grace and harmony combined. This Academy still awaits its students, but they will not be long to seek amongst the many poets, men of science, and artists in Greece, who long and strive to revive the intellectual supremacy of their country. The home of the new Hellenic ideal is built, and Apollo and Athene, whose statues occupy two lofty columns in front of the entrance, rise up like symbolic guardians of a future cœnaculum, seeming to invite all to a persevering culture of beauty and wisdom. May those who study in the future within these walls never throw aside for pernicious doctrines those grand traditions which are the honor of their race and the gifts of the gods!

The King's Palace, built in the early days of the new monarchy, before the Greek Renaissance had taken root as it has now, is well situated on the Place de la Constitution, and has a large square in front of it. The fine gardens are laid out with much taste, and are full of well-grown trees. How often have I enjoyed walking about beneath their cool shade and amongst the well-stocked flower beds, and the orange, laurel, and rose thickets! But the palace is clumsily built, and too wanting in ornamentation. It is true it has the rare claim to the respect of the Greeks of being the residence of a prince whose noble and lofty character, skill, prudence, and loyalty have secured for twenty-eight years the prosperity of Greece, who represents the unity of the country, and who has gone through very trying experiences with courage and foresight—who has under all circumstances proved himself the best of leaders, and whose reign has consolidated the independence of his kingdom. Called by a happy disposition of Providence to direct the destinies of a people, whom his very genius and aspirations, his youthful vigor, and his pride of race made it often difficult to lead, on the very morrow of a revolution, and in the midst of the many crises of the Eastern question, King George ever has been and still remains, through the nobility of his sentiments and his patriotism, as much as through his self-control, his wisdom, and his political acumen, equal to the grand task he has to perform. And the queen, fitting consort of the prince, whose beauty is worthy of Greece and a faithful reflection of her noble spirit, adds by her exalted virtue and her gracious manners a yet further lustre to the Hellenic court.

The cathedral of Athens is a very imposing modern building in the Byzantine style, to which the orthodox Oriental remains everywhere faithful. There are also several old churches in the town in the same style, but altogether differently interpreted, and really quite touching in their solemn, almost melancholy grace. Mean and stunted, but solidly built for a poor and limited congregation in the time of a foreign domination, they bear the character of a protestation alike timid and obstinate. Little bells crouch, so to speak, beneath a low belfry on the summit of these churches; the semicircular chapels project but slightly from the main walls of the building; the interior is as dark as a cave; the walls are all but bare; but shining in the darkness, like an invisible hope, the sacred lamp can be made out hanging before the shrine. The new cathedral is spacious and well-lighted; there is plenty of room for the performance of the sacred ceremonies; it is a public building worthy of a capital city. The old Metropolitan cathedral, which is alongside of the new, and is in perfect preservation, looks like a little house next door to a palace, but of what great value is it as a national memorial! Here was once the centre of Greek nationality; and within its narrow archaic walls, with here and there some relics of heathen days, I see once more down-trodden Greece asserting her faith and her nationality. Very eloquent is the contrast offered by the juxtaposition of these two buildings; one is the poem of a time of sadness and oppression, the other the symbol of the victory of faith and of modern liberty.

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[*] Pisé is a kind of wall made of clay or earth, pressed between moulds, which were carried up as the wall increased in height.—TRANS.

On the *Boulevard de l'Université* the Greek catholics have a good-sized church, built on the model of the Roman basilicas. An imposing peristyle surmounts the fine flight of steps leading up to it. The appearance of the interior is severe, almost cold; it ought to be brightened up with pictures and statues, but that will be the work of the future. The limited means at the command of the builders compelled them to build it without ornaments or superfluities of any kind; even the peristyle was only erected four or five years ago. Fortunately magnificent columns of green marble from Tinos, at the entrance to the choir, relieve with a touch of brilliancy the monotonous whiteness of the general effect. If some master, ambitious of associating his name with an Athenian building, should some day cover the pale walls with frescoes, the catholic church would be really finished. There is nothing for it but to wait for time and successive donations to give to this Greek church that character, alike historic and antique, which is the secret of the imposing majesty of so many sanctuaries of Rome which are even smaller than that under notice.

Amongst the chief buildings of modern Athens, I ought also to mention the two museums on the road to the village of Patisia—the one containing the statues and stelæ found in successive excavations in Attica; the other, the vases and terra-cottas from Tanagra, Myrina, or the Athenian schools, and the golden treasures, cups, masks, and jewels exhumed by Schliemann at Mycenæ. The last-named relics, as they are of prehistoric times, are doubtless of great value. They bear witness to the marvellous skill of Greek sculptors in Homer's time; but the exquisite paintings on vases, and more especially the marvellous fragments in the sculpture museum, leave a yet deeper impression on the mind. They are a revelation, even to those familiar with the fine marbles of the Vatican and of the Louvre, of a new feature of Hellenic art. The delicate naïveté, the simplicity of the well defined outlines, the ineffable, often homely grace, the natural majesty of these relics stamp them as original works of the golden age of Attic art. There are but a few statues, and all are more or less mutilated; but there are no reproductions, no imitations, they are all first hand, all exclusively Greek, and of that primitive purity of style the divine grace of which the artists of the Græco-Roman periods, more learned though they were, never succeeded in reproducing.

I do not care much for the Observatory built by Baron Sina, a wealthy Greek, on the Hill of the Nymphs, a little way out of the town. It overlooks the plain, and a grand panorama extending to the sea is spread out beneath it. It can be seen from afar on its little hill of grayish rocks covered with shrubs, and is approached through an avenue of aloes which encircle it with bright green. But it occupies rather too conspicuous a place in ground near the Parthenon, and one has some trouble to avoid seeing it when looking at the Acropolis. Its style of architecture—almost necessitated, it is true, by its scientific purpose—is startling near ruins of immortal renown; its cupola, its coloring, and all the glass about it are not in harmony with the serene beauty of the landscape surrounding it.

I must also say a word or two in memory of a small chapel but a few metres square, a miserable little white-washed hovel, with no pretensions to style of any kind, but which pleases me infinitely. I mean the little Hermitage on Mount Lykabettos. This sugar-loaf hill, loftier than that on which the Acropolis was built, spoils, truth to tell, the general view of the plain. It is but a rock, valuable neither from the picturesque nor the historic point of view. It is surrounded at the base by pines, and a good many houses have crept up its sides; but it is very pointed and quite out of character with the surrounding hills and mountains, the rounded summits and gentle slopes, with ravines of greater or less depth which run into and blend with each other in an easy graceful style, producing a general effect which is always dignified and almost severe. But, for all that, the Hermitage, built on the very point of the sterile rock of Lykabettos, gives to it a mystic charm. It is, so to speak, the life of its desolate solitude; it represents a steadfast design, a popular faith, a soul that dreams and prays upon the heights. There, when the twilight begins to gather, the star of the sacred lamp appears quivering against the gloomy background of the sky, looking like a guardian star, watching from above over the town and the plain, and diffusing comfort and peace with its sacred beams. Symbol of the ideal set above the wastes of earth, permanent symbol of the religion and the country the glory of which dominates every event and every age, it seems as though this golden star, sister of the heavenly constellations, had come down as a friend to the chapel on the hill. How many times in the dreary days of servitude have not the Athenians, seeing it shining forth through the dark upon their city, looked upon it with joy as the symbol of their hopes, the witness of their undying faith, the prophecy of their future liberty! May it not also be considered a figure of the genius of antiquity which neither time nor barbarians have ever been able to quench, and which still remains like a sacred spark within our hearts?

Gazing at it with emotion, I send to it a reverent greeting through the darkness. It is at the flame of the Athenian torch that all our lights have been kindled; for do we not feel that a god still dwells in the ruined Acropolis? And does not the little lamp, fed by an obscure *caloyer* (Greek monk), at the foot of the Panagia also burn in honor of the Athene of the Parthenon, as though before a sanctuary?

IV.

Now let us go through ancient Athens, many of the relics of which are, however, scattered about in the modern town. These sites and buildings have suffered greatly from the ravages of time and the hand of man.

In the Agora quarter have recently been discovered the remains of porticos, the foundations of temples and gymnasia, or academies, covering a pretty considerable area. It is difficult to fix the exact date of the buildings they represent, with nothing to guide us but the fragmentary remains of long foundations, such as a few walls on a level with the ground, and a few scattered shafts and capitals. Did they belong to the golden age of Greece or to the Roman epoch, or, which appears more probable than either, was the Agora the site of a mixture of buildings dating from different times? Not far from them, in a large square, is an octagonal building, the Tower of the Winds, so called because on the upper part of each of its eight sides is a bass-relief of one of the sons of Æolus balancing himself in the air. Here, for instance, is Boreas, or the storm wind, there the Zephyr, whilst the remaining bass-reliefs illustrate the other attributes of the winds. One shows, in addition to its winged figure, a profusion of flowers and fruit, another the falling of a soft fecundating shower from the pitcher of Notus, the south wind. The sculptor of these bass-reliefs was no master, and I do not think the tower is of later date than the time of Augustus. The tower was originally surmounted by a bronze weather-cock, and there was a water-clock inside. It was connected by porticos, of which a few traces remain, with a whole series of buildings, the character of which it is difficult to make out. A little behind it, in a small circus, are several columns surmounted by the remains of a pediment, which may perhaps have been part of a gateway of the Agora, or of a temple of Athene. In the same quarter are two spaces overgrown with a tangle of brushwood, tall grasses, and wild shrubs, amongst which are strewn fragments of marble, overturned columns, whilst the long bases of monuments peep out from beneath a thick veil of clambering vines, of aloes, and of briers. One of these monuments has nothing precise about it to guide the archæologist; whilst another, still retaining some high walls, some marble benches, the shafts of fluted columns, and some traces of an *enceinte*, is supposed to have been the Pœcile, once, alas! so magnificently peopled by antique statues, and the panels of which, described by Pausanias, were covered with bass-reliefs and fine frescoes. This was the place of meeting of peaceful citizens, artists, philosophers, the circle of men of letters, the centre of the cultivated, leisured civilian classes, the rendezvous of free citizens, who formed a minority among the servile population, and who, when politics did not demand their presence at the Pnyx, or commerce at the Agora, loved to indulge in long conversations or discussions of the latest news as they strolled about the marble colonnades and amongst the statues of this popular palace. There remain but a few indications of rooms and galleries, in which the imagination of modern architects, which sometimes runs away with them a little, can with difficulty piece together the elements of an ideal restoration. These ruins have, however, retained something of the stamp of their original grandeur, and, which is still better, of their original beauty. The fragments that remain of their desecrated walls bear witness to art of a noble character, and there is still an ineffable and pathetic grace in these marble relics. The sunbeams touch their whiteness here and there with a golden light, and profound as is the melancholy induced by the contemplation of these scattered ruins, dim as are the outlines of that which has passed away forever, yet through the gloom shines forth the ideal of a master imbued with a passion for purity of line and that combined grandeur and grace which are the chief attributes of every true monument of Attic art.

Crossing a confusing labyrinth of narrow streets leading to what was once the bed of the Ilissus, but is now nothing more than a ravine encumbered with stones, through which dribble a few streaks of water, one reaches a little square, the swelling ground of which would appear to indicate buried ruins. Here was once the ancient street of the Tripods, which is now covered with houses and huts.* One monument alone, of small dimensions but exquisite style, has survived of the numerous votive buildings which lined this grand thoroughfare of the past. This monument is a kind of round chapel enclosed within graceful little columns surmounted by a delicately sculptured frieze. Erected by a choragus named Lysikrates, in memory of his one year of administration, it dates from the fourth century B.C. Time has slightly touched the angles of the base and the details of the architecture. It was restored as well as possible a few years ago at the cost of the French government, which is the nominal owner, but in order to support the roof, which is a simple masterpiece, the space between it and the columns had to be walled in, and the monument of Lysikrates has lost its ancient airy grace; moreover, the bronze tripod which originally surmounted it has long since disappeared. The building is, therefore, altogether incomplete, but its form and the bass-reliefs of its frieze are still charming. If we could but separate it from the circle of houses hemming it in, and if beneath the swelling ground around it we were lucky enough to come upon more contemporary remains, its archæological value would be brought into full relief. One might almost picture a corner of ancient Athens, a bit of the road lined with monuments leading to the foot of the Acropolis. Unfortunately, all the nondescript buildings making up a popular quarter have long since taken root upon this classic ground, and it would be a serious matter to destroy them.

Beyond, rising from the wide open plain stretching away to the Ilissus, is a small triumphal arch two stories high, the lower consisting of three arches and the upper of a straight *attica*, or frieze, pierced with bays of a long square shape, and ornamented with Corinthian columns and a triangular pediment with the name of Hadrian inscribed at the top. This gateway is not a masterpiece, but the harmonious lines of the lofty openings, flanked by marbles gleaming in the sunshine, form a fitting frame-work to a vast expanse of the blue vault of heaven. The arch itself is scarcely noticed, for it sinks altogether into insignificance beside the magnificent ruins of the temple of the Olympian Zeus, or, as it is generally called, the Olympieion.

Picture to yourself thirteen colossal columns connected by their architraves, two isolated columns still erect and one overturned, and you have a group grand alike in height and mass. Situated in the midst of a plain, bounded on one side by the large tufted trees of the royal gardens and on the other by the rounded hills marking the course of the Ilissos, and overlooked from the distance by the sombre outlines of Hymettos, these gigantic relics seem to be bathed in a sea of light. The building of the temple, which was to be sacred to the God of Gods, was carried on with various vicissitudes during six hundred years. Perpetually interrupted, perpetually resumed, it was not until the reign of Hadrian that the Olympieion assumed its distinctive form. But it was too late. Heathen hymns resounded through the great sanctuary but for a couple of centuries, for when it was completed, Christianity had dawned, and the great Zeus was left without his worshippers.

Thus deserted, sacked by invaders, pillaged by sacrilegious robbers, some from Rome, some from Constantinople, and some even of Athenian birth, it disappeared piece by piece, and of its vast enclosure, its two hundred columns, the multitude of statues erected in its courts and porticos, there remains nothing but the end of one of the corners of the peristyle. A few years ago the soil covering over this fragment was excavated, but nothing was found beyond a few insignificant foundations. All hope must be abandoned of finding any of the works of art accumulated by the piety of the Roman Cæsars and the prodigality of their courtiers, and it is difficult to understand how the vast accumulation of marble can have been dispersed without leaving any traces. At least, however, the columns which have been preserved, so to speak, by accident, retain a truly admirable grandeur; solitary and solemn they gleam in the mid-day sunshine as in an apotheosis, whilst at night the moon, which rises above Hymettos, bathes them in her silvery beams, and they look like mournful phantoms. In Roman days there were many villas about the Olympieion. The royal park, which occupies part of the plain, encloses amongst its shady groves the remains of one of these houses, with its mosaic pavement, in which dwelt some of the young patricians who were sent by their parents to the schools of Athens and loved to dwell upon the banks of the Ilissus. It is in this quarter, less arid than the rest of the city, through which then flowed the plentiful stream now shrunk in such a melancholy manner through the destruction of the woods on the mountains, that we must picture to ourselves the homes first of Cicero and of Atticus, and later of the Christian philosophers and neophytes of the time of Basil and Gregory Nazianzen, who came to study wisdom and elocution in the august city where Demosthenes had delivered his orations and Plato had taught. Then all the world-famous monuments were erect; one could still see the plane-trees beneath which paced Socrates during his immortal dialogue with Phædon, and the gymnasia where Theophrastus and Carneades declaimed on philosophy.

Later the struggle between heathen tradition and evangelical dogma was carried on within the same walls in which Socrates had argued with the Sophists and Aristotle had laid down the principles of science, and within their classic boundaries were evolved in all their prolific diversity the various theories which then as now exercise the conscience of the human race.

The whole of this side of Athens, the aspect of which is now completely changed, teems with grand memories of the moral, psychological, and religious progress which has been carried on under forms so different from the time of the teaching of Anaxagoras to that of the controversies of Libanius and of the young Christians of the fourth century, a progress in which took part all the noblest spirits of antiquity.

The court of some Roman house, the dried-up bed of the Ilissus, the well of Callirrhoe (later known as Enneacrunus, or the Nine Springs) within its shady grotto, and the solemn columns of the Olympieion, these are the sole remaining relics, and they are indeed but a little remnant of all the life and intellectual activity of this once frequented scene. We must draw upon our ever-present memories of history and philosophy to supplement with all their eloquence the few monuments still extant.

It is strange that of the ancient quarters of the city, that dedicated to the dead, the cemetery of Kerameikos, has retained more buildings than any of the districts which were occupied by the living.

Excavations carried on in this cemetery thirty years ago were singularly rich in results. Outside the Dipylon Gate, beneath piles of earth, which looked as if they were part of the natural soil, was found a complete avenue lined with tombs, and some of the sepulchral stelæ are of the highest value. There were discovered a great many columns of bluish marble bearing the names of the dead, flat stelæ ornamented with chasings, palm leaves, antefixes, rose-work, etc., all carved with rare delicacy, whilst several tombs bore bass-reliefs evidently dating from the golden age of art, and the work of true masters in sculpture. The little monument dedicated to Dexileos, a hero killed at the age of twenty, soon after the war of the Peloponnesus, is, for instance, a fine example of Greek statuary; the ephebus is represented on horseback, striking with his lance an adversary, who is sinking under the blow. The combined vigor and grace characteristic of the Attic style is seen in this lifelike group, in which there is no striving for effect; but all is natural and noble, truth not being sacrificed to purity of line. Dexileos must have belonged to the family of the young knights of the Parthenon, and the sculptor to the school of Pheidias. Near his tomb rises the stela to the memory of a woman whose name, the inscription tells us, was Korallion, the wife of Agathon. This tomb is of the traditional type of Athenian funereal monuments. Korallion is represented seated, and draped in long veils; her faultless profile expresses the tenderest melancholy; whilst before her is her husband, who would appear to have come to visit her in her tomb, and gazes at her with an expression of the deepest grief: this scene, so simple and yet so dramatic, is rendered with a sobriety of tone and a natural dignity alike fascinating and thrilling, although the artist has attempted to do no more than represent an actual feeling in a truly artistic manner. On the other side of the avenue, we note, with respectful admiration, a celebrated stela, the tomb of Hegeso, the daughter of Proxenus, in which she is represented in bass-relief, seated, and holding on her knees a casket brought to her by a female slave. Greek art has produced no more delicate type of beauty than this female figure. The light and supple draperies veil the slightly drooping form of the chaste Athenian girl, and her bent head expresses the greatest gentleness of character. The melancholy poem of youth and death takes living form in this marble elegy. Wrapt in thought, and scarcely conscious of the jewels she once loved, Hegeso ponders on her sad fate, on her more fortunate companions, on the life she has left behind her. The artist, inspired as was André Chenier, weeping for the loss of the young Tarentine, has given to this ideal figure a visible and touching melancholy; the very low relief, the flowing lines, the ethereal, all but immaterial, character of the form of the fair Hegeso, make her appear almost a shade; but, for all that, there is a whole poem of love and grief in the mysterious abstraction of her smile.

As we wander over the vast area which has now been excavated, let us note *en passant* the little chapel containing the statues of the sisters Pamphile and Demetria, of a somewhat massive type of beauty, and passing amongst a long series of ruined buildings, temples, or civil monuments, of which nothing but a few substructures or walls are now left, forming the inner part of the cemetery of Kerameikos—a vast quarter where the thoroughfares must have been very narrow, and the original arrangements of which it is difficult to make out—we bear to the right, and come upon a large platform from which rises the one Athenian temple still nearly intact, dedicated, according to tradition, to Theseus, whose grand tomb it is supposed to have been. However this may be, it is more ancient than the Parthenon, it is of the finest Doric style, it has retained all its columns, its empty pediments, and the bass-reliefs of its metopes. Of medium size, but of admirable proportions, the Theseion is one of the purest models of sacred architecture in Greece.

True, the altars and statues which gave life to the *cella* have long since disappeared, and the inside of the sanctuary is cold and gloomy; but from the outside, rising, as it does,

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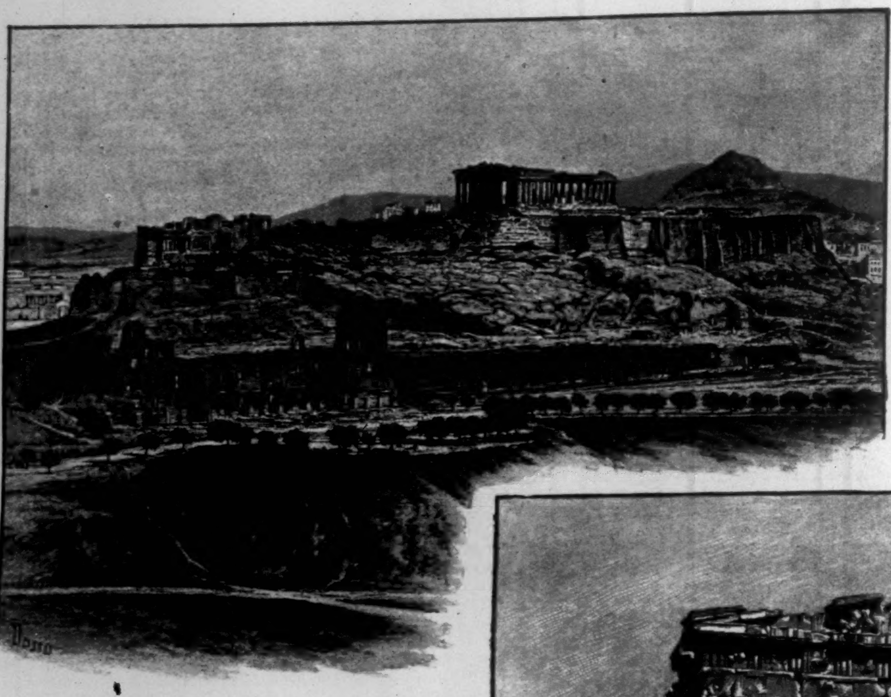
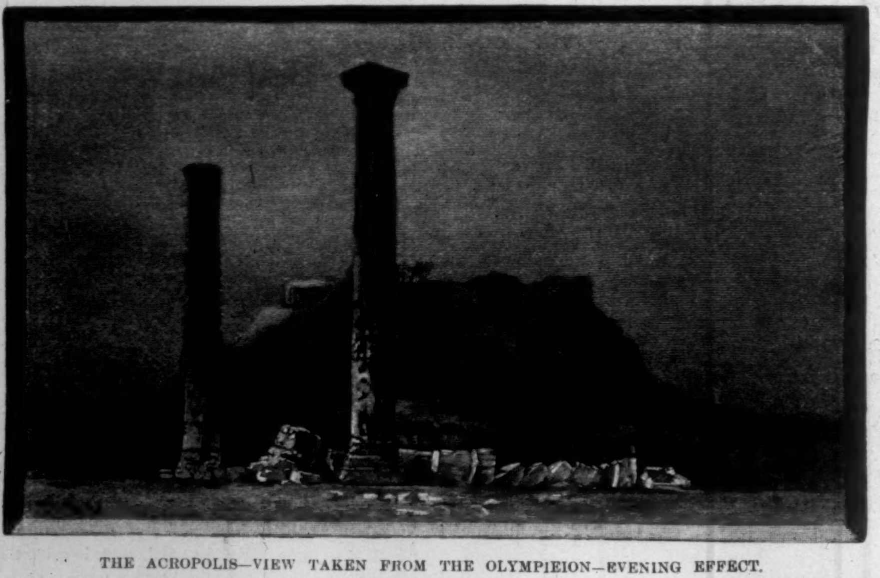
*This street was once lined with pedestals on which were exhibited the tripods won in the Dionysiac games.—TRANS.



THE ACROPOLIS AND THE ASKLEPIEION.

above three marble steps, surrounded as it is by grand aloes, and completely enclosed within its peristyle, standing alone in an arid landscape, this temple, which centuries and revolutions have respected, seems to radiate with severe majesty. It has not, however, the charm of the half-destroyed masterpieces of the Acropolis, and we are not overwhelmed by the correct solemnity of its surroundings. It is the strange destiny of antique marbles that the ravages of barbarians, or the deep impress made on them by centuries of time, give to them a dramatic beauty which appeals to us, perhaps, more than does their actual perfection. Nothing breaks the harmony of the lines of the Theseion; it has been fortunate, it is saved from destruction, the eye wanders unchecked amongst its stately peristyles; but how much deeper, how much more melancholy, is the impression made on us by the Propylæa and the Parthenon! With what an almost divine lustre do they shine! Ruined and surrounded by *débris* though they be, mutilated yet victorious, they occupy a battle-field sanctified by the presence of their fragments! Let us now approach the sacred rock, which, with the hills about its base, the ruins at its feet, and the sanctuaries which are a crown of glory on its summit, is the very focus of the genius of Athens.



THE ACROPOLIS—VIEW TAKEN FROM THE OLYMPIEION—EVENING EFFECT.

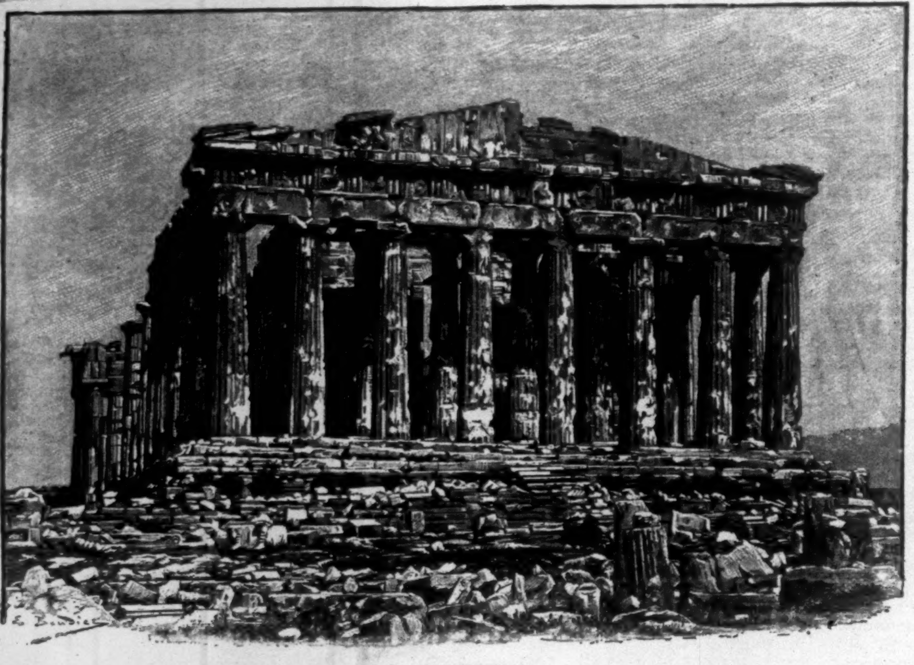
V.

The Acropolis is bounded on the south by the fortifications built at the expense of Kimon; on the north, by the walls hastily built up of all manner of materials by Themistokles, as a defence against an invasion of Spartans.

Gentle slopes lead up to reddish and gray rock, from which rise the temples. These slopes were once covered with monuments, which have met with different fates in the course of the centuries that have elapsed since their erection. Some, like the Theatre of Dionysos, the Stoa of Asclepius, the Stoa Eumenia, and the Odeion of Herodes Atticus, have left masses of ruins, some portions still almost entire; others, like the little sanctuaries of Isis and Demeter, are nothing more than confused heaps of blocks and scattered fragments; whilst others again, on the opposite slope, are hidden beneath lofty grass-clad mounds, as are the foundations and remains of the temple of Castor and Pollux, and of the Prytaneion. These sites form the *enceinte* of the Acropolis, and have shared its fate; ravaged like the sublime mount they encircle, they complete the poem of the ruins.

The Theatre of Dionysos is the first building to appear as we ascend through the avenue of trees encircling the rock of Athene; the space in front of it is strewn with broken and overturned columns, empty pedestals, and mutilated statues. The temple, which once stood beside the theatre, the altars which bore witness to the religious character of Athenian dramatic representations, the foundations of the stage, and the buildings necessary to the grandiose *mise en scène* of Greek tragedy, are now nothing more than heaps of broken marble; some pieces the height of a man are still erect, but stripped of their ornaments, and without the upper part; others lie at full length upon the turf, half hidden amongst the tall grass. To make up for this, the concentric tiers of seats reserved to spectators, the row of chairs in which sat the priests of the gods, and, best of all, the central chair of Pentelic marble reserved for the high priest of Dionysos, have survived the destruction of the theatre.

The Emperor Hadrian restored the building in which had been performed the masterpieces of Sophokles and Aristophanes, and of his work remain a few bass-reliefs on the estrade of the orchestra; but, to own the truth, it is not in this case the work of the architects and sculptors which interests us, but the grandeur of the memories connected with this stage, for we are now on the very site where the great dramas of antiquity were acted. It was here that shouts of applause greeted the representation of the *Orestes*, the *Antigone*, the *Iphigenia*, and the *Andromache;* and here were sung those epic and lyric poems with the immortal rhythm of which the air about us still seems to vibrate. The marvels of Greek drama seem to be once more before our eyes, its masterpieces enchanting our fascinated gaze, and thrilling us with fresh emotions, whilst in our imagination the ruined theatre is once more complete. Seated upon those steps, with the plain of Attica spread out at our feet, and beyond it the wide blue expanse of the ocean, we understand the prestige of classic drama, the influence of powerful comedy; we see once more the actors in the epics, the groups of the chorus, the grand whole of those ceremonies in which Greek genius took the world by storm.

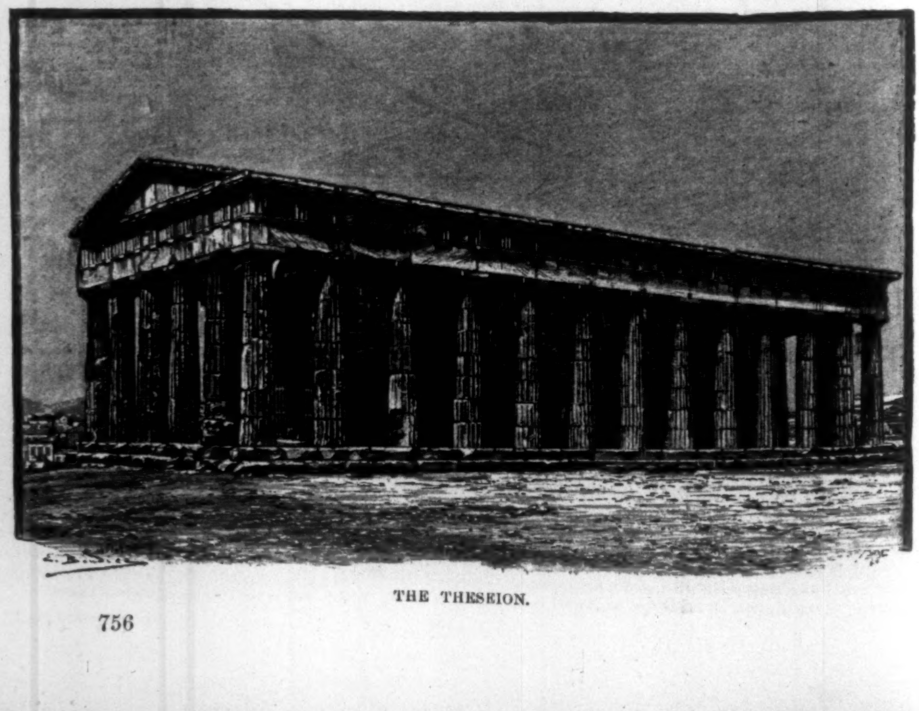


THE PARTHENON.

The remains of the Asklepieion, or sanctuary of Æsculapius, separated by a massive wall from the Temple of Dionysos, were not discovered till about thirty years ago, when the earth encumbering the northern slope was being removed. Then were brought to light along the face of the rock the cells in which the sick were laid, the grotto of Halirothios, from which still flows the mystic spring, the bases of the pillars of a long portico, those of several narrow sanctuaries, a great many columns piled up on the ground, several *ex-votos*, small stelæ, bass-reliefs of the best style, all evidently relics of a building of medium height, which, when at its best, had been a shelter for the cradle of medical science. Aristophanes lays one scene of his comedy of *Plutus* in this edifice, where the sick came to seek the consolations of superstition rather than efficacious remedies. The medical treatment of these times has become extinct, but an immortal art has survived in these scattered ruins; if we more easily recover from illness nowadays, we should find it difficult to quote a more graceful bit of architecture than the Asklepieion must have been. So wags the world, we lose on one side what we gain on the other; science has developed, art has decayed. This, perhaps, is the one monument of Athens in looking at which we feel inclined to do justice to the genius of modern times.

The Asklepieion is on a terrace supported by a row of arcades, built at the expense of Eumenes, King of Pergamus. This colonnade was at one time covered with marble plaques, and, I fancy, contained statues; the masonry alone remains now, with traces of the columns which preceded the arcades. The whole must have formed a long and noble promenade, but the little that is left at the present day looks bare and gloomy. Originally at the base of the Asklepieion it connected the Theatre of Dionysos with that which the wealthy Herodes Atticus presented to his fellow-citizens. From this last-named building the grand façade, with the circular-headed windows, is still standing, and behind it a vast semicircle of steps leads up to the rock of the Acropolis. This building presents a grand appearance, but no memories gather about it. It is in the Theatre of Dionysos that Greek drama lives again, and that we see the shade of Æschylus rising once more in all his grandeur. We are, perhaps, unjust, but in the Odeion of Herodes Atticus we see nothing but empty benches.

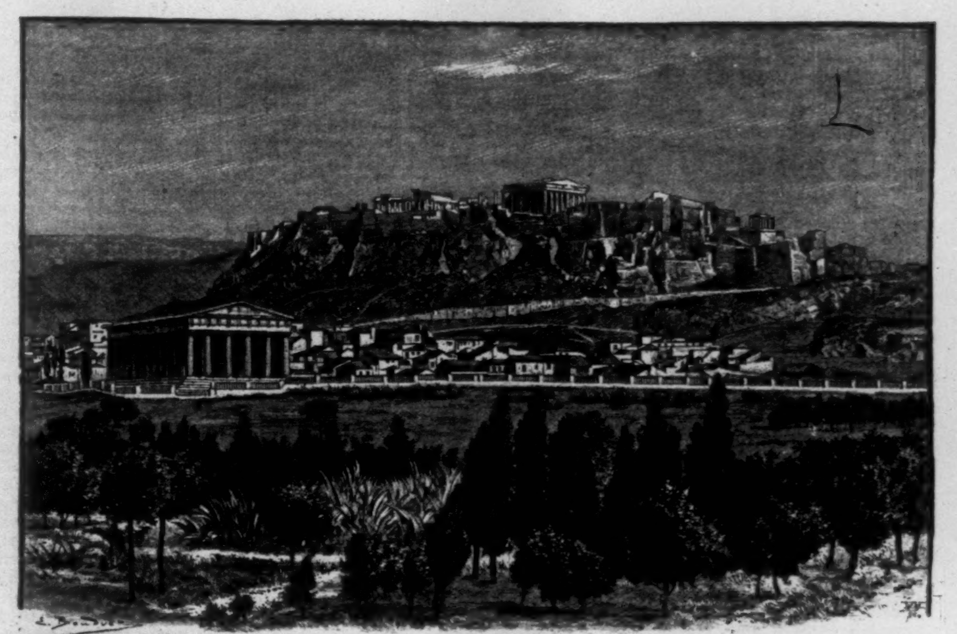
We are now at the foot of the path which leads up to the Propylæa; but before ascending to that Olympus let us make our salutations to two rocks separated from the hill of Athene by a narrow valley; they bear illustrious names, for the one is the Areopagus, the other the Pnyx. All trace of build-

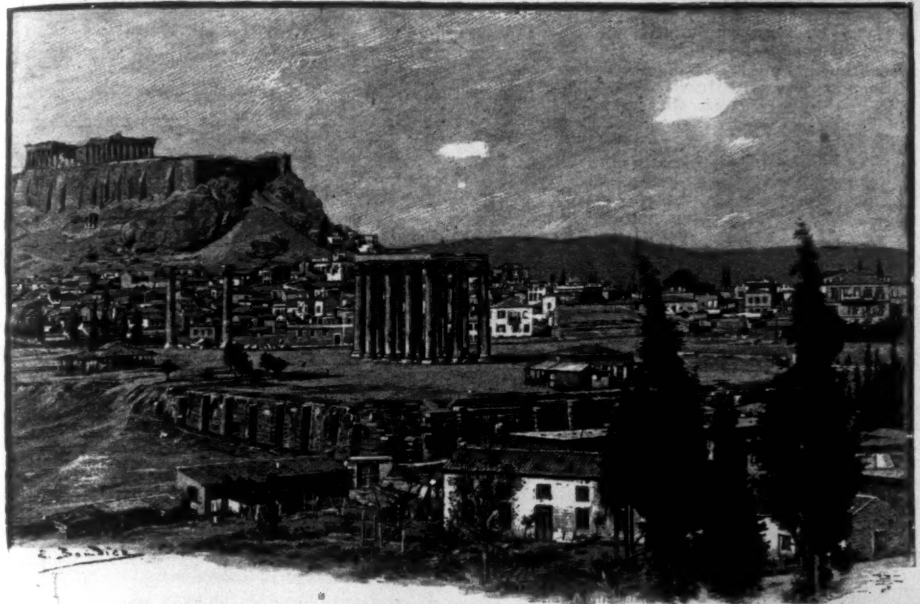


THE THESEION.

ings has disappeared from the platform where the Athenians held the tribunal founded by the gods, and where Saint Paul proclaimed the unknown God. The Areopagus is reached by steps cut in the rock, and on the summit nothing is to be seen but brushwood. In default of any precise information, archæology is mute, and we must have recourse to legend, and more especially to the scene in the *Eumenides* of Æschylus in which Orestes appears defended before his judges by Apollo and Athene; but even then we cannot help asking ourselves if these deserted rocks really were the site of the Areopagus! There is, however, it seems to me, no doubt about the Pnyx, which consists of a semicircular terrace supported by huge blocks of stone laid one on another in the style known as Cyclopean. A much mutilated but still recognizable staircase, skirting the archaic base, leads up to it. The terrace, which is of considerable extent, seems admirably suited to the meeting of popular assemblies. It is shut off at the end by a perpendicular wall, against the middle of which rests a huge cube of rock flanked on either side by several steps. We can easily fancy Demosthenes standing on his pedestal, and pointing out to the citizens, as the safeguard of Greek liberty, the Propylæa which, rising as they did on the right of the orator, were eloquent marble witnesses of the truth of his assertions.

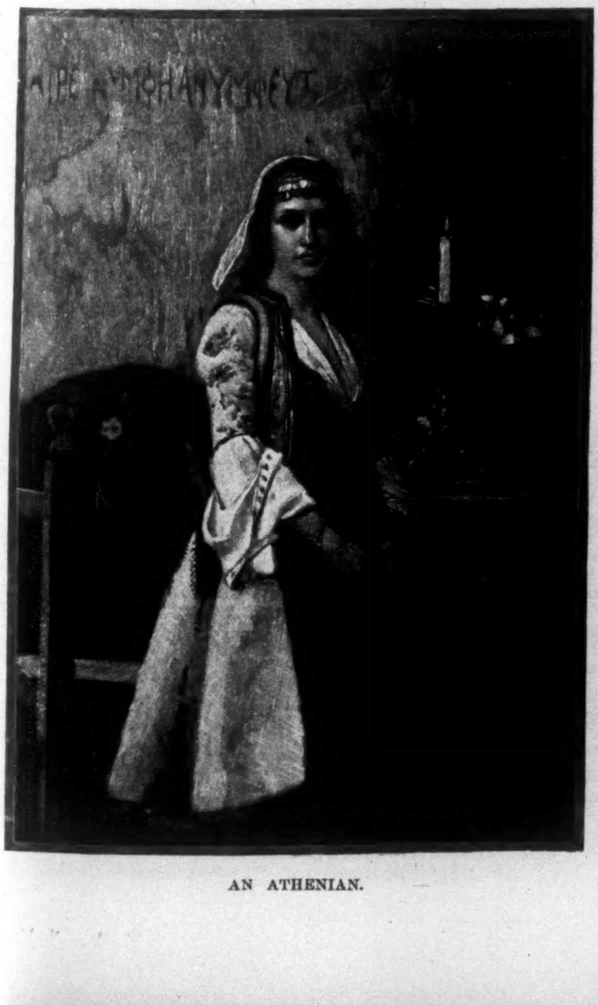
Not far from the Pnyx, which long retained the name of Museion, a poet of prehistoric time, a Syrian prince, who had taken refuge in Athens, Philopappos by name, built a tomb for himself, of which nothing remains but a bass-relief of no value. The view from this height, however, stretches beyond the panorama of the plain to the Strait of Salamis, the wide horizon of the sea, the heights of Ægina, and the blue line of the Peloponnesus. At the foot of this little rocky hill two chambers hewn in the living rock are said by tradition to have been the prison of Sokrates. I merely note this idea *en passant* to preserve the memory of an opinion which seems to me of very doubtful authority, as it is confirmed by no contemporary witness, and modern archæologists reject it, though they are not agreed as to the use of this gloomy retreat, some thinking it was a chapel, others merely a guard-room. Let us leave in obscurity, perhaps with regret, the delightful legend connecting it with Sokrates, for as the temples of the Acropolis are approached, one would fain be able to prepare one's spirit by a sight of the actual cell in which the victim of the Sophists bore witness by his death to the eternal wisdom we worship in the Parthenon!

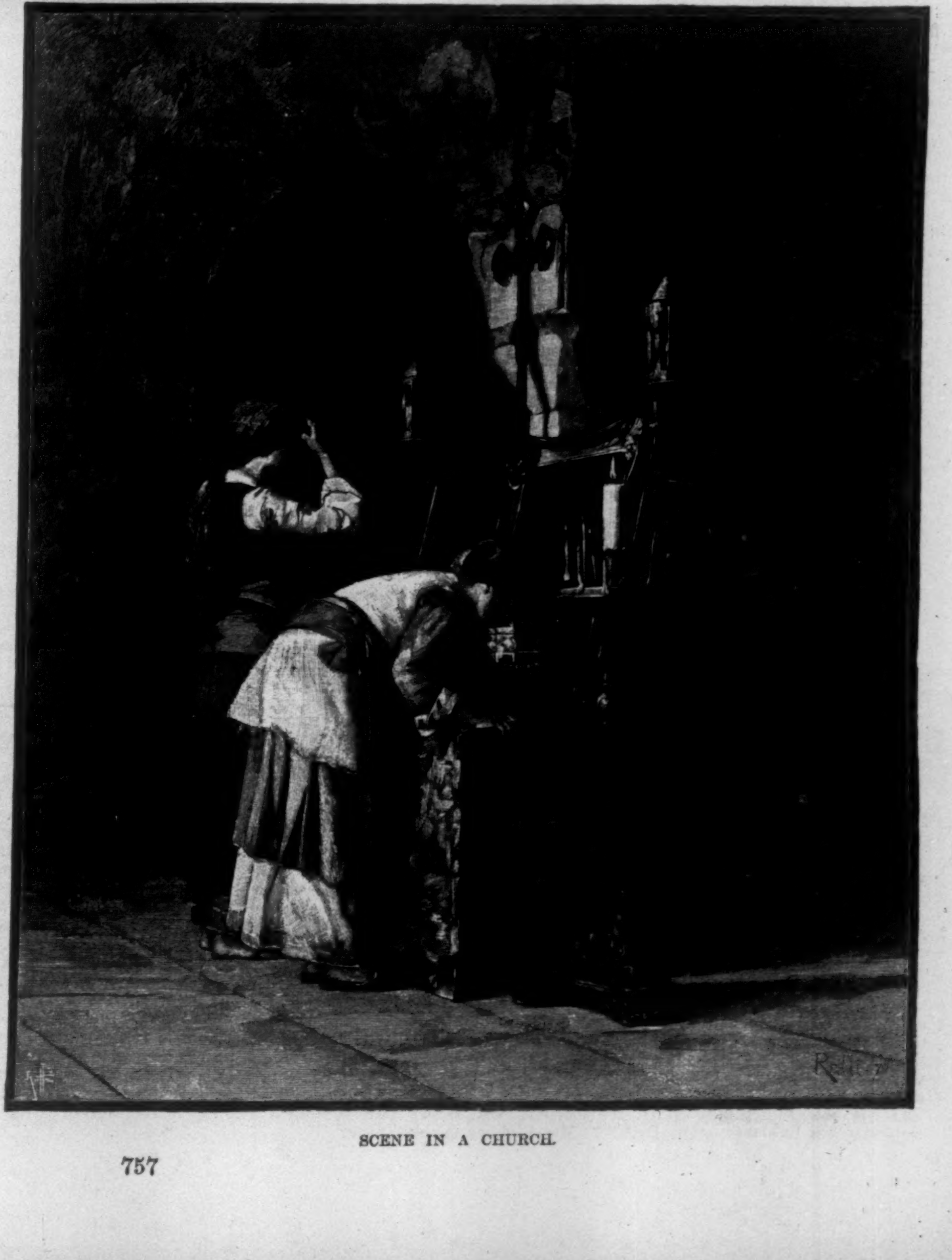

THE ACROPOLIS AND THE WALL OF THEMISTOKLES.


RUINS OF THE OLYMPIEION.

VI.

We have wandered through the town of Athens, gradually ascending, step by step, as it were, to sanctuaries of ideal beauty. Let us enter, like the initiated, with reverent emotion; we are at the foot of the Propylæa, and the columns of the grand peristyle, standing out white beneath the blue dome of heaven, look like hospitable divinities on the threshold of the platform, the extent of which is distinguished by their gleaming shafts. On the right of the Propylæa, on a large pedestal, rises the little temple of Niké Apteros, or the Wingless Victory, surrounded by five Ionic columns, surmounted by a mutilated frieze, on which we see heroes or gods passing by like shades, their delicate outlines standing out clearly against the light. On the left, the gilded wall of the Pinakotheca stands out upon the perpendicular rock, from which opens the grotto of Pan, sung by Euripides, and from which once issued the spring of Klepsydra. The marble steps in the centre, added in Roman, or perhaps even in mediæval, times, suggested to Beulé his brilliant hypothesis of a monumental staircase having led to the stylobate of the portico in the time of Perikles. In spite of the ingenious arguments of the learned archæologist, of which one can only speak with respect when treating of the Acropolis, the marvels of which he has so eloquently described, I still think that the Greeks went up by a narrow path cut across the unequal masses of rock supporting the building. However this may be, whether the stylobate of the Propylæa was or was not once approached by a flight of steps, we cannot enter it without a feeling of religious awe. The columns have, no doubt, lost their architraves and pediment, as well as the statues that once gave life to the *enceinte*, but they still retain in their arrangement, if I may so speak, a superhuman expression. No roof protects the stately columns, their discrowned heads and fine fluted shafts stand out clearly against the azure sky; they hold themselves erect like a very incarnation of power and majesty. We venerate


AN ATHENIAN.


SCENE IN A CHURCH.

as much as we admire them, and surrounded by this noble group, we become capable of apprehending an art at once realistic and mystic, the direct, the inevitable, outcome of an immortal genius!

And yet this is but the peristyle of the Acropolis. We gaze long at it, penetrated by a sense of its austere beauty; but when we have left it behind us, we find ourselves suddenly raised to a yet higher spiritual level, for the revelation is now complete; the vast platform is bathed in light, and we pause, dazzled with the sight that meets our eyes. The Parthenon is before us, looking magnificently solitary in the widespread space; concentrating upon itself every thought, and radiating forth splendor in spite of its broken colonnade, its despoiled pediment, and the gaping cracks in its walls. Everything else is forgotten in its presence—the ruins strewn upon the ground, the empty pedestals, the stelæ, the capitals of the sanctuary of Artemis Brauronia half buried amongst the grass—we go straight to the Parthenon, for it is a spiritual ideal made visible, and it dominates it as does truth itself. Human through its wounds, divine in its beauty, wrapped about by the splendor of heaven, the well-defined outlines of its marbles and the touching contours of its imposing ruins stand out as it were from the depths of infinity.

The scorched columns are bruised by the Venetian bullets; on the western pediment, destroyed by Morosini, there remains but the torso of Kekrops and Aglaurus; the eastern pediment pillaged by Lord Elgin has retained nothing but the triangular tympanum, against which stood out the marvels known as the Parcæ or Moiræ, Ceres or Demeter, and Proserpina or Persephone, Theseus and the heads of the horses doing homage to the rising sun. It is in London that we must seek them now, cast down from their high estate; wan and changed in the gloomy atmosphere, they look like captive and exiled gods. The central portions of the colonnades of the north and south sides were overturned by the explosion of powder which, in 1685, mutilated the whole of the interior of the temple. The Panathenaic frieze which once surmounted the wall of the *enceinte* on all four sides has only remained intact on the west; part has disappeared altogether, a few fragments have been collected and placed in the Acropolis museum, a good many others are in London, the Louvre possesses one complete scene, and there is another fragment in the Vatican. The marble poem of Pheidias can no longer be admired in its magnificent unity, but its remains are an honor to human genius; the knights on horseback, the processions of young girls, the sacrificial oxen and sheep, with their priestly leaders, the Athenian family, the groups of citizens, scattered and mutilated pages though they be of the sacred volume in which was inculcated anew the worship of eternal wisdom and of patriotism, remain the noblest possible education in all that is most beautiful and most true, the perfect and simple outward expression of the mysterious types of which the Parthenon was the sanctuary. The statues which lined the interior, the galleries above, the chryselephantine Athene, all the art treasures accumulated in the golden age of Athens, are now but memories; the nave is deserted, and in the wide gaps in the sides lie confused masses of columns, architraves, and crumbling stones. It would seem as if these courts must be gloomy, but this is one of the miracles of the Parthenon—it is ever young and ever triumphant; its soul, instinct with joy, is always present; and a hymn, a jubilant ode of praise, is ever ascending from amongst its broken colonnades. Material beauty survives disaster; and this beauty remains unchangeable in the relics of the Parthenon; nay, the very ruins are beautiful in themselves, and the whole grand *enceinte* is bathed, as it were, in the imperishable eternity of the ideal which lights it up as with a smile of joy.

Not far from the Parthenon rise the half-destroyed walls of the temple of Athene Polias, also known as the Erechtheion, still retaining a few columns with capitals, which are marvels of delicate sculpture, as are also, in an even more marked degree, the fine caryatides of its portico of airy lightness. One is charmed as one stands at the feet of these marble virgins, bearing on their heads the basketlike ornaments of mystic meaning, and upholding, apparently without effort—so admirable is the harmony and rhythm of their pose—the weight of the entablature. The Erechtheion was an exquisite building, planned, ornamented, and executed with loving care, with the most intense feeling for grace and harmony; but these courts were but the home of the goddess of Athens; the protecting deity of the city alone was worshipped amongst these graceful colonnades. The Parthenon, on the other hand, was the centre of a cosmopolitan religion—the sanctuary of that one God felt after by Greek sages and artists, that creative wisdom in which was gathered up all metaphysical and moral law, the order and splendor of the whole universe. It was this God whom the Greek genius worshipped under the form of Athene, the loftiest conception of pure reason, of substance uncreate and immaterial, and it is this superior inspiration, alike philosophical and æsthetic, which gives to the sovereign temple that mystic beauty which neither the ravages of centuries of time nor of sacrilegious man have been able to efface; a beauty which will survive as long as one relic remains to preserve it.

Greek art did not receive this supreme revelation until the time of Perikles, that golden age when the human mind, having attained to the plenitude of its power, still had all the grace, the spirit, and the enthusiasm of youth. The ancient Parthenon, destroyed by the Persians, and of which not long ago some curious traces were discovered, was a purely mythological sanctuary, in which primitive traditions were embodied in time-hallowed conventional, sometimes enigmatical, and often clumsy forms, evidently of earlier date than the time of the Revelation of the Ideal. The statues belonging to this period which have lately been dug up in the neighborhood of the Erechtheion indicate an art alike hieratic and realistic; their attitudes are rigid and monotonous, a sphynxlike smile is fixed upon their quaint faces, the painted pupils of their prominent eyes seem to gaze forth vacantly into empty space. In the Archaic period the soul was, so to speak, in limbo, waiting to be set free from the fetters and darkness by which it was trammelled; the sculptors and architects of the new Parthenon, the descendants of Anaxagoras, and the forerunners of Sokrates, were the liberators of this imprisoned soul; they flung open to it the realm of space, and gave to it wings, and the very first effort of the rescued spirit raised it to the loftiest heights attainable to humanity in the regions of the beautiful and the true. The marvellous temple of the Parthenon, with its statue of Athene, the frieze by Pheidias, the colonnade of Iktinos, the pediments of Alkamenes and Pœnios, and, above all, the Divine Ideal enshrined within its precincts, has been the symbol of one of the most glorious enfranchisements of the human race, and its venerable ruins are still one of the tabernacles of philosophy and art, as well as the first monument to their victory.

When, after a day passed on the Acropolis, one gazes at sunset, or a little after it, when twilight is gathering, on the one side at the solemn summits of Pentelikon and Parnes, and on the other at the silent undulating plain, the forest of olive-trees stretching away to the sea, and in the opposite direction at the white houses of the town, the wooded heights about the Ilissos, the majestic ruins of the Olympieion, and the barren crest of Hymettos, tinted for the moment with violet and rose-color, one seems to be wrapped about with the serenity of the scene, and penetrated with a sense of the harmony between the austere landscape, the statuesque mountains, the horizon bounding the distant bays and islands, and the beauty of the sanctuary. The grand whole spread out beneath the gaze is consecrated by the lapse of centuries; sacred memories and the grandeur of nature as it now is are blended in thought with the ideals realized by the masters of antiquity. In the midst of the profound calm, the utter silence, of the magnificent space around us, the awestruck spirit is insensibly imbued with a sense of the immutability of beauty rising superior to earthly vicissitudes, and of the oneness of art and nature. Nowhere else in the world are the external forms of creation, the work of man, and the eternal verities in more admirable accord. Elsewhere we may meet with more surprising effects of color, more striking natural scenery, but nowhere else is the impression made on us so penetrating or so peaceful; nowhere else do we feel such a sense of spiritual elevation, or a moral satisfaction so complete or so pure.

All the great capitals of the world have their own special glory, their public buildings, and their masterpieces; some have magnificent views of vast extent, others their witnesses to the past surrounded by the splendors of the present, their radiant shores, their wealth, their sovereign power, the grand prestige of their advanced civilization, of their industries, their victories, their creative genius, each one is an illustration of some one aspect of humanity. Modern Athens—free, active, and preserving within her the elements of the future success of a people who, with the fiery spirit of their ancestors, have retained their ambitions, and the inborn conviction of the superiority of their race over all other people of the Orient—retains at the same time a sacred character. The mystic star ever shines upon her Acropolis of marble, and in fulfilment of a glorious destiny, the genius of a time gone by—embodied in works which, though mutilated, still in their very ruins reveal that genius—dominates the moral world with a power unweakened by all the trials it has gone through. The fragmentary ancient city does not impress us with any idea of old age; one cannot realize that two thousand years of history separate us from the time that produced it, and if it be venerable, it is not because of its decay, but because it represents an idea that cannot be touched by time, that is invulnerable, and rises superior to ruin.

This is why Athens leaves on the mind an indelible impression which neither the distractions of daily life, the sorrows one has to endure, nor the other countries one visits can efface; she is to those who understand her, that is to say, to those who love her, a second country ever regretted wherever destiny may lead them; ever present to the memory.

Cte Chles de Moüy

NOTE.—"Paris," the first paper of the series entitled "Capitals of the World," published in No. 1837 of HARPER'S WEEKLY; the second paper, "St. Petersburg," in No. 1841; the third paper, "Constantinople," in No. 1846; the fourth paper, "Rome," in No. 1850; the fifth paper, "Geneve," in No. 1856.

"I LOVE THE WOODS."

A SONG.

BY RICHARD MANSFIELD.

I LOVE the woods.

Oh, give me but that crag of rock
  On which to build my simple cot,
And I'll not ask for palaces,
  Nor murmur at my lonely lot.

I do not need the silken garb,
  The cushioned couch, or seasoned food;
I do not need the tongue of men
  To voice the word that "Life is good."

I do not need the amber scent,
  The honeyed smile and tutored song,
Or crowd of glittering sycophants
  That in the halls of Crœsus throng.

I love the woods.

When o'er the distant line of hills
  The rosy morning peeps its head,
And stars that through the night have watched,
  Now quench their light and go to bed,

I rise from couch of perfumed pine
  And seek the purling brook that flows
Between its fringe of velvet moss,
  Where tiny turquoise blossom blows.

I need no marble fountain rare
  To purify and lave and clean,
And when I say my grateful prayer,
  'Tis in His mighty dome of green.

I love the woods.

My silent friend, my faithful dog,
  The horse that hastens to my call,
The birds that sing above my head—
  They constitute my all in all.

I breathe the forest's filtered air,
  The breeze that cools the mountain brow,
The snow-clad summit's atmosphere,
  And praise the Lord I'm living now!

I love the woods.

AN EARTHLY PARAGON.

BY EVA WILDER McGLASSON,

AUTHOR OF "DIANA'S LIVERY."

XXI.

SYLVIA looked at Mrs. Lichens's quivering shape with a thrill of alarm.

"Try to tell me," she said.

"It's Rosetty," sobbed the landlady. "She's gone. And I mind when she was three years old and hed croup, and I roasted ingins to lay onto her chest in a split wool stocking. Pore little Rosetty!"

Sylvia had a cold sense of rigidity. Rosetta was dead. The long-drawn crow of a distant cock sounded like the wail of an old man over a coffin lid.

The road lay white in the sun. A team was going slowly past, and Sylvia got a hideous idea of a black spider crawling up a bare arm.

"Old man Valley hevn't shed a tear," sobbed Mrs. Lichens. "He jest sets by a-smoofin' her hair. She went last night at a quarter to two—died like a little lamb. Said good-by to um all. Send me her love, and left word you was to remember your promise to sing. Oh, dear, dear, to think of her being buried! But she's gone where thar's no more tears," declared the landlady, recovering herself. "And thar's some thet won't git to the same place, but shall hev their part with the quick and the dead. The very lastes' word she ever said was his name. Jest looked up, and says she—I got it from old lady Wetmore—says she, a-goin' on like she saw something, 'Why, it's heaven! Oh, Delk!' says she, jest like thet—'Oh, Delk!'" Mrs. Lichens shook her head. "It don't look jest right her a-seein' Delk Bylands instead o' the Lamb."

"What do you know about it?" said Sylvia, very white, and speaking passionately. "She loved what she could see and hear and feel. She was human, and she obeyed the only voice she could understand. What did she know of souls and hereafters? What do any of us know? Bah! She saw good in what was merely mean. She was blinded with the glory of eyes of stone. She found heaven in lips of clay. You don't know what God is. Neither do I. She knew."

Mrs. Lichens, going thoughtfully down stairs, communed with her dazed mind in an accent of wonder. "God save us!" she muttered. "She let loose on me like I'd done somethin'. She's always spoke mighty sweet of Rosetty, and I knowed she'd feel mighty bad, but I never sensed she'd take it like she did. She looked like she was going to churn right in and hev a cry. Ef she hed I'd of ben right with her. I'm too tender-hearted to live skercely. Aw, Selesty, what's thet soap doin' in the dish-water a-meltin' to nothin', you triflin' hussy you? A dose of hickory tea'd help you."

By way of settling her nerves, she took a gulp from a goblet on the mantel-shelf, and having drawn from her pocket a box of snuff and a little twig, she sat down. Hearing a step, she slipped these things into her bosom.

Henry Dye came in. "Mighty pity 'bout Rosetty goin', ain't it?" he remarked, glancing down over his new trousers, striped in potato-bug hues.

"I would not live always," said Mrs. Lichens.

"Well, neither would I; but give me a few lines of it before I'm called on to loose my grip," debated the young man.

"You'll git enough of it," premised the landlady. "Wait till you're married and a widder, Henry Dye, and you'll know what it is to say in the mornin', 'Would God it were here!'"

She noticed his eye on the goblet. He was not bad-looking in his green plaid necktie, his red hair like a veneer of polished cherry-wood.

"Hev a sup," said Mrs. Lichens.

She smiled indulgently, and Henry Dye remembered a farm she owned in Bracken County.

"I never touch whiskey except when I'm sick," he demurred; "but I gen'ally git sick whenever I see it." He took down the goblet. "Well, here's *to* yeh!"

"Hev a cheer," said Mrs. Lichens. "I hev passed thoo Red Seas, so I hev, and all his Pharyohs hev gone over me. I need to set and rest, so I do, what with all my worries." She sighed.

Henry hitched a little nearer.

"Thet Selesty Wiggins runs me deranged," murmured Mrs. Lichens, gently opening her eyes. "The man thet gits her will need a long purse." She shook her head, pursing her lips in an appetizing red bunch. "I hope she'll do well when she marries," she pursued, "though God knows a sloven woman is like a pleg of grasshoppers and locuses, ez we are told in 1st Luke, 17th 19th conclusuv. I'll give Selesty a dozen fine towels when she marries." And then she added, "In case you think of—"

"Who—me?" protested young Dye. "Not any! I ain't a-marryin' no young fool of a girl this year. "When I marry"—he cocked his eye at the ceiling, as if he saw a rose-wreathed band of Cupids descending on his nuptials—"it's got to be some one I kin look up to—some one thet kin keep me straight. Thet's my style."

Mrs. Lichens's head went a little aside, and a very bright color rose high in her plump cheeks. Henry Dye, emboldened, dived forward, and set a determined kiss under one demure ear. Then he drew back, rather scared.

"Say!" he stammered; "I never meant to do thet!"

"Greet one another with a holy kiss," said Mrs. Lichens, severely. "You no call to ast nobody's pardon, Henery. What are we, to set ourse'ves agin Scripter?"

XXII.

The house where Rosetta Valley had lived seemed to stand in the midst of a green field, fenced in from other green fields, which paled away to the far-off hills floating against the sky like scarfs of blue crape. It was an old house of two stories, built of smoothed logs, between which the chinking was here and there loose, often fallen out altogether, leaving shelflike rifts in which birds might nest or house-snakes stretch their harmless shapes.

A long lean-to sloped from the back. In front the living-room was accessible by a block of limestone and a square porch, its floor rounded off at the edges with the stubbing of many feet, its posts sharp with the mark of the axe. Locust-trees were blooming, and the air was sick with the heavy breath of the gray-specked white plumes.

The outer yard, in which the barn stood, was full of country wagons. Saddle-horses were tied along the fence, and groups of men and boys stood about in the yard talking in subdued voices.

There was room in the house only for the women who had come to Rosetta's burying, and Sylvia, leaving Delosier and the captain at the door, stepped in alone. She had a sense passably like relief as she glanced round. The coffin was not in sight. Mrs. Crew, gray-haired, with hollow cheeks, sat weeping by an inner door. Neighbor women, their stayless forms soberly garbed, were ranged stiffly about the walls. Numbers of girls, with gay flowers in their hats, hung about, looking awed and curious, and a little tearful. One, who had just lighted off her horse, was pausing on the threshold to take off her long muslin riding-skirt.

The room was deadly with flower smells. It was a low room, the board walls covered in a yellowish paper, the ceiling pasted over with white cotton. Around the walls the pictures were shrouded in black stuff, all except one, a photograph of Rosetta herself, over the corner of which was draped a length of white merino. Sylvia could see the picture only dimly, but it haunted her perceptions, a mere blackish spot in its gilded mat and walnut frame. It seemed somehow to be gazing at her like a mournful eye dimmed with tears.

Sylvia crossed the room, and made as if to take one of two unoccupied chairs standing a little apart in the middle of the floor, but a large-waisted woman with thin arms came hurriedly forward, giving her a glance of intelligence.

"Not there," she whispered. "Sit here, Miss Bylands."

And as Sylvia sat down in the place indicated, wondering why the other chairs had been prohibited, there was a little rustle of movement in a room beyond. Two young men appeared in the doorway, the gleaming end of a coffin between them. They came forward and set their burden on the two separated seats, and Sylvia, hedged in with the crowd, found herself sitting at Rosetta's feet, facing the hard gray countenance of Rosetta's father.

Rosetta seemed to lie very low in the shining wood box, its white padding lifted high above her straight slight figure, the hands crossed, the merino gown lying in two sharp folds, as if modelled in marble, from her breast to her feet. Her head lay a little back, the chin cleanly defined; it hardly depressed the cushion, its yellow hair strangely dull and smooth. There were locust blossoms below her hollow throat, their whiteness making her face look of a pale waxen yellow.

Sylvia looked at the long white shape. This was not Rosetta as she remembered her by the living portrait which a first impression fixes indelibly in the mind; this was not the girl she had seen standing in the door, the breeze blowing her hair over her flushed cheek till the fancy was stirred to some thought of sea-weed wrapping, in the ebb of the tide, about a rainbow shell. There was not even a human suggestiveness in the coffined thing before her. The fallen face looked light and empty, as if it had no union with the body. It was like a mask worn for a day's adventuring, and thrown aside at nightfall, battered and spoiled.

The preacher had come and the rooms were packed. He was a man of priestly aspect, his face tanned with mountain riding. He stood at the coffin-side, one hand in his small Bible, his eyes set on the distant hills.

Sylvia hardly knew for a little space what he was saying, but she presently grew aware that he was speaking of the resignation with which we see the old die, gathered in their ripeness.

"It is not thus with us," he went on, in a slow, gentle utterance, "when the young are taken from us in the blossom of their years. We are apt to cavil at a Providence as strange as that which has taken Rosetta from us, forgetting to be thankful that so much beauty and faith and goodness dwelt with us for a little while."

Outside the open windows to the left, groups of men stood listening. Something back of them leaned against a tree, Delosier stood just where Sylvia could see him whenever her eyes were able to leave Rosetta. She wondered why they had laced the girl's fingers so unnaturally.

"When I die," she thought—"when I die—" But, after all, what matter of consideration was it if one looked well or ill in one's grave?

A white dog crept between the feet of the people, and stretched himself under the coffin. Some one tried quietly to thrust him out, but Bob Valley lifted a forbidding face, and Sylvia surmised that the dog had been Rosetta's. He lay with his nose between his paws. Some flies buzzed through the room, and the large-waisted woman shook a handkerchief over Rosetta's head.

Sylvia began to wonder how long it would last, and if the curious rigor of her limbs would carry her to the end. Suddenly she thought of Bylands, and the idea of him seemed to bear part with these signs of death. What was he made of, to have thrown away so much love? "Just to have what Rosetta gave him," thought Sylvia, "I would serve like a slave. I would forgive anything and all things." She sought out Delosier's figure, and the scene about her melted away as some words of his leaped to her mind, hard, glittering, like an upward flash of battle-axes—the words he had said that night as they came through the ford.

The preacher had been praying. He had said Amen, and long and deep the syllables were echoed by the men's voices. There was a moment of silence. They were waiting for Sylvia to sing the old hymn which had been chosen, the last music that was to roll, however silently, on Rosetta's ears, before the darkness closed upon her and she lay where there are no sounds save the silken creep of worms, and the crumbling of dust, and perhaps the bursting of seeds that struggle up to grasp the sunlight with feeble fingers.

Sylvia had no consciousness of volition. She was singing, indeed, but she did not know how or why. It seemed to her, as she went on, that the words did not please Rosetta. The coffin, frailly upborne on the splint chairs, trembled and shivered as if the wood which had leaped with sap and grown green in the fresh air were troubled to think of everlasting night; as if the coldness it held chilled it through. The varnished sides, reflecting the little movements of the people about, appeared as if changing to spiritual conditions of their own.

A child who was fretful seemed to fill the room with its clamor. Delosier's face was broadening into a great white blur. The ceiling bulged downward and the walls reached in as if to crush out the slender white thing between them. People were gathering in the place. They were all standing unsteadily, lifting on tiptoe, their thickening faces leering at Sylvia, one crowding another.

She kept on singing. She no longer realized what words were on her lips for wondering what it would be like to touch Rosetta, to pitch weakly forward into the narrow white space where Rosetta lay. Surely she was not singing right? What was that last line—that— She gazed viewlessly about. Some one, with a quick authoritative movement, had pressed through the throng, and then, whether the song was done or not, the people were standing back to let her pass, and she was out doors, where the sun shone and everything was alive. She felt well again; it was so good to see the sky! Delosier brought a chair, and she sat down in the thin shade of the locust-trees.

"You begin to look a little like yourself," said Delosier, but there was a noise on the porch, and Sylvia barely heard him. She was watching the double row of men who were bearing over the short green grass the wide-shouldered box, which seemed to throw so strange a mystery upon the morning. Two or three horses pranced with fear as it passed them. A spring-wagon stood at the gate, and into this the box was gently slipped, some one covering it from the sun with a quilt.

"Her hands 'll git jolted loose on these rough roads," speculated a woman near Sylvia. "Them's her geranyums thar by the fence; jest took um out'n the pit."

Sylvia looked away.

At the side of the house a feather bed bulged over the snake-fence, and several pillows in the forks of a low tree gave an intimation of Rosetta's sickness. Everything suggested her, from the muslin curtains in the deep windows to the rose-vine clambering freshly against the bleached logs.

"I remember the first time ever I saw Rosetty," mused an old man, watching the filling of a jolt-wagon; "pretty little gyrl she was, white ez cotton, yeller hair a-flyin'. Lawd, well!"

"She won't be left to moljer alone," said the woman. "Her maw and sister lays thar a-waitin' on her."

Delosier was looking uneasily at Sylvia.

"I want to take you home," he said. "I wish they would get those teams out of the way." And he added: "That room was terribly close. I was afraid for you from the first. Dearest, you looked like nothing merely earthly as you stood there singing."

The back of the wagon in which Rosetta was, clanged to with a sound like a harsh, short laugh. Sylvia's gaze was set on the funeral train now filing down the road—wagons heavy and light, saddle horses and mules moving up and down over the rocks.

"They are gone," said Sylvia, as the last horse, his sides hidden in the balloonlike swell of a woman's skirt, rounded the hill.

XXIII.

"Sylvia," said the captain, meeting his niece in the hall the following Sabbath morning, "there's preaching to-day over at Tripper's, four miles down Tracefork pike. Weldmeyer's going to exhort. I'll send for a rig, and we'll go. He's immense, Weldmeyer is; used to drive a team for us before he got conviction. Delosier 'll like him."

As they approached the hamlet of Tripper's after a bracing whirl over the hard road, the place disclosed itself as a settlement consisting of two houses, a store, and a low church standing just across a shallow creek. The houses looked old, but the church was new, and had a certain interest for Sylvia and Delosier, the captain having related its history as they came along.

It seemed that the store and houses belonged to one William Tom Tripper, who for years had been one of the stanchest upholders of the church at Brown's Mill, the hamlet beyond. Tripper was not a man of blameless morality, but nobody very much minded the matter of his misdoings until the occasion when a family difference caused him to shoot a certain brother-in-law of his quite dead in his tracks. Then at once everybody remembered everything which had helped to give Tripper a "record," and opinion set against him, though he was known to be perfectly justified in killing his brother-in-law, that kinsman having "put in" when Tripper was forcibly correcting his own wife.

Even in religious bodies are folk of narrow views, and in the church at Brown's Mill were those who admitted a certain squeamishness at having their petitions borne red-handed to the throne of grace, Tripper being mighty in prayer, and given to a large exercise of his power.

No one, however, undertook to state his finical ideas to Tripper himself; but as time went on, Tripper, though by no means a morbidly sensitive person, began to suspect a distinct coldness in the amens following his pleas.

One night he got up in meeting, and with his eye on Brown, whose mill had made the town, he expressed in simple, graphic language his opinion of the body which he addressed. He invoked Omniscience to condemn forever and eternally each man who listened, and having commended to the vengeance of Heaven the mean shell of a sanctuary in which he stood, he declared his intention of building for himself a church painted in two shades of green, with backs to the seats.

Whereupon, with unaffected dignity, he withdrew, taking his family, and forever breaking off his connection with the congregation at Brown's, as well as with Brown himself, whom he afterward met in the public highway, and cut over the eye with a hoe.

Commercial men having dealings with Mr. Tripper found it necessary to protect trade by endorsing piety. Tripper himself was no churl of his money, and the new church soon stood beyond the creek, lifted coyly on four corner posts, which gave it a shy maidenly air, as if its skirts were hitched up for wading the stream, and it hoped no one was looking at its ankles. It had three windows to a side, and one big step at the door, in which people were passing as the captain drove up.

The seats seemed to be filled, but a man in rusty black brushed a row of children from a front bench. He personally led them forward, his lean figure oscillating at the hips, his arms stiffly bent in a position which accented his swaggering gait and the lurch of his lower jaw.

The older men sat in a corner by the preacher's stand. The younger ones were along the right of the aisle, their brown faces appearing to Sylvia in side evidence like the profiles on a row of copper coins.

The women were together on the left, some lost in the abject seclusion of black sun-bonnets. One girl seemed to be a rural belle, with her open red mouth and frizzled hair, her dangling ear-rings, and towering hat on which matted pink feathers mixed with scarlet glass cherries.

The man in the rusty black had mounted the preacher's stand, and was giving out a hymn.

During the service men and boys, as it pleased them, got up and went out doors for a brief relaxation, or stalked forward to get a drink from a blue bucket in front of the pulpit, letting the dipper clash back as they brushed their lips, giving a long gurgling breath.

In front of Sylvia a young woman hushed her baby. It kept on whimpering, and nestling its head in her arm; she bared her breast to the fretting lips, arching her large hand over the bosom.

"I don't keer fer a religion I got to keep; I want one thet 'll keep me," the preacher was saying as Sylvia got track of him again.

Two boys noisily changed their seat. Some one opened the door, and walking up the aisle with an assured step, sat down.

"How naturally these people take their religion!" thought Sylvia. "If they are thirsty, they seem to feel that water is as respectable as preaching."

"Don't you believe it," the preacher was declaring, in reference to some remark of his own. "Man don't jest want strength'ning and helping. He wants grace to git in its work on him. It don't make a dungheap less of a dungheap to build a fence round it. You got to mix earth with it and plant seed if you aim to change it. It ain't in it to change itself."

There was a draught through the place. Whoever it was that had just come in had perhaps left the door open. Sylvia turned with a little shiver. Just across the passage, his eyes glowing upon her, sat the man whose step had rung so confidently on the bare floor.

It was Delk! He had come over from Clingsville on horseback, and finding Sylvia and the captain gone, had followed them, unable to get the upper hand of his impatience, too long curbed and grown mettlesome from restraint. He wondered who the stranger with them was, but did not concern himself deeply with this, being engrossed in a passion of content only to be near Sylvia once more, in sight of her face's witching pallor, her slight throat, and hazy hair. The turned ruffle of her gown, of the springlike color he remembered so well, gave him the old sense of softness and vitality.

Sylvia felt her blood chill. She perceived his glance upon her as sensibly as she might have felt the breath of a flame. She looked at Delosier sitting intent on the preaching, his cool eyes judicially narrowed. What a difference there was between the two!

"They seem scarcely of one race," she thought. "One is merely manhood in the lump, the wet clay unshaped to more than the heavy outline of the sculptor's idea. The other is the finished bronze, set on chiselled granite, eloquent of meaning."

She wondered what she should do, how she should speak to Bylands. The preacher was praying, and she pressed her brows on the back of the bench in front of her, glad to shut her eyes for a moment. There was a hymn in conclusion, but she kept her head down unaware of it.

Delosier gently touched her. "They are going, dear," he said.

Bylands was waiting just outside. He was talking with the captain, but his eyes sought Sylvia, making her way out. How very quiet she looked! But there were people about, and Rosetta—yes, it was natural enough that she should regard him thus impassively, giving him a hand so expressionless that he dared not grasp it hard.

"You are back?" she said.

"Yes, I—"

She feared he would call her Sylvia, and interrupted him.

"We are glad to have you with us again," she said.

And then there was no more chance of talk, for the captain had driven up to the steps and was waiting, and in a moment they were gone—Sylvia and her uncle and the strange young man, whoever he was.

XXIV.

Bylands, backing his horse, gave the departing carriage a glance of dissatisfaction. Sylvia's manner had the empty grace of indifferent courtesy, but he reflected that perhaps her chill bearing sprang from her feeling about Rosetta, and this idea kept him from going at once to the Lichens House to spend the rest of the day with his friends.

During the afternoon he lingered about town, hearing of Rosetta's last hours, of her burial, and of Miss Bylands's singing which had like to overcome her. Now that Rosetta was dead, people put away their rancor toward Delk. He had not acted just "square," but no one felt called on to maintain a rigorous disapproval. He was met as usual, and the gossip of the village was detailed to him in friendly fashion. Obscure intimations respecting Delosier crept to the surface.

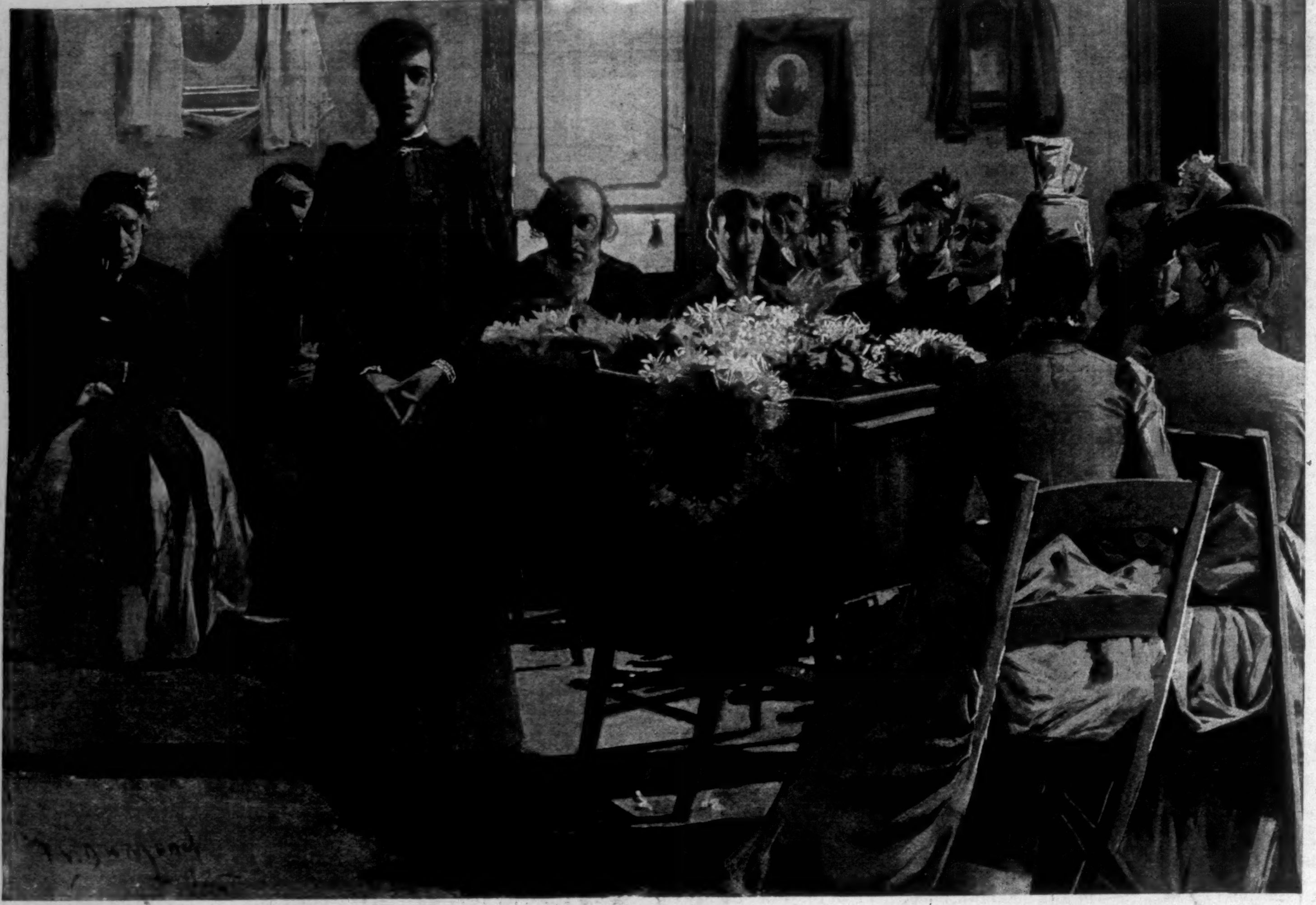
"Feller from 'Weesianer thet's lawin' fer the cap'n. Ben about hyar right smart. Him and the cap'n's niece 'pears to hit it off pooty tol'able well."

Delk gave a start, and chewed at his mustache while the man went on to relate that in his opinion Delosier was "no slouch of a feller though his head *was* so all-fired slick! Jest throwed his money around like he owned a winnin' hoss."

"Well," said Captain Bylands, coming into the mill office Monday morning, "how does things look? You must hev took the first train after you got my last letter."

"I was coming anyway," said Delk: "I ought to have come back long ago. Captain, I want to ask you one thing—who is this Delosier you've got with you?"

The captain picked a hair from his pen nib, and set the date on a letter head. "Mr. Delosier," he said, "is a young man me and Sylvia met in the South. Great business man. I wouldn't be surprised if his practice nets him—well, I wouldn't be took back at any figger you could name. Fine family—the Delosiers—though George himself hesn't any near kin. It's French stock, but he's a rale, rank-pizen American clear down to his shoe pegs—votes the straight ticket every time and never scratches!" The captain took out a new blotter. "I don't know as I could of given Sylvia to a man thet wasn't sound on the issues," he added.



Delk, facing him at the desk beyond, felt his world reel away. "Why didn't you tell me? Why wasn't it mentioned?" he stammered, setting a firing face upon the captain, who went on writing. "You knew I—you knew very well I ought to—to have been prepared. I ought to have known of this thing!"

"What good would it have done you?" asked the captain. "When a man's going to be hanged it don't help matters none for him to be choked with a pocket-handkerchief every day for a week beforehand. Besides, it was nobody's business—my niece's marriage with Mr. Delosier. I never thought anything about you, one way or another. I jedged you'd got over all thet"—he waved his hand—"long ago. You had too many irons in the fire, Delk. I reckon if you look into things, you'll see you ain't cut up half as bad as you let on—hunh? You better make up your mind to knuckle down to things, and not let folks get on to nothing—hunh? Come on over to the house, and do the straightforward thing, Delk—tell Sylvia you're glad to see her so happy. For her and Delosier— Well, well, folks thet ain't fools at some time in their lives 'll never be wise! Come over and give um your good wishes. Sylvia 'll expect it. She's always hed a right friendly feeling for you, Sylvia hes."

Delk let a breath through his teeth. "I will," he said, with a laugh; "I will."

That afternoon, as Mrs. Lichens was hanging a clean towel on the office roller, Bylands opened the door. His face relaxed a little with the necessity of appearing to the landlady as usual.

"What's this," he asked in a tone of banter—"what's this I hear about you, Mrs. Lichens? They tell me you're going to take up with Dye! It isn't true, is it? After all you've said against him—run him down to the ground?"

Mrs. Lichens turned upon him, her bosom heaving with puffy indignation. "Thar's one thing ez I never said about Henery Dye," she announced, her eyes glittering. "I never said ez he was a serapim. My Maker's will is mine. So long ez he makes male critters the way he does, all I say is, what suits him, suits me. I don't ast fer a man with wings. It's hard enough to keep track of 'em when they walk on legs. God knows whar they'd be ef they could fly." She gasped a little, jerking her head. "Neither do I say ez Henery Dye is a he-goat without stain, or a bullock without blemish; but I do say this, thar's some things he 'ain't got to answer fer. He may hev seen the day when he's hed too much whiskey aboard, he may hev ben in a fight now and agin, and caved somebody in, but he never wheedled round no gyrl and put his ring on her finger, with a pearl in it ez I've seen with my own two eyes," panted Mrs. Lichens, incoherently, "and then lit out a-saying, 'My business takes me elsewhar'!"

Bylands felt her glance of contempt as keenly as if she had flung out a pike-pole and grappled his cheek with the steel fang. He bit his lips.

"Will you tell Miss Bylands I am here, and would like to see her?" he said.

"What am I here fer but to fetch and kerry?" asked the landlady, with an apostolic smile as she rolled away.

Sylvia's impulse was one of escape. She thought of saying she was sick or busy, and then, realizing that she could not long avoid Bylands if he wished to see her, and remembering that Delosier was out of the house, having gone over to Clingsville to send a telegram, she made up her mind to face the matter straightway. She pinned on her hat and took up a pair of gloves.

"He will think I am going out and will be brief," she considered.

"I wasn't sure you would come down," said Delk as she appeared. He had his feet on the stove and his hat on his head, coarsely bent on asserting his lack of consideration.

Sylvia slanted on him an unconcerned glance. "Why shouldn't I come?"

"I should think you'd hardly care to see a man you've treated as you have me. Here I've been going through every worry and hardship, upset with all kinds of anxiety through the position you put me in, and when I come back, thinking everything was all right and you would make up to me for all my troubles, what do I find? I find you running around with a man nobody knows anything about. I reckon you thought I'd drop back and out of sight. Well, you're mistaken. If I can't do anything else, I can make you suffer the way I have since I came home. I can do it, and I will."

Sylvia was listening with an air of attention. "If you will kindly explain what you are blaming me for—"

"You know well enough. I'm in no humor to smooth things over. You let me believe you loved me. You never just said so, but you let me tell you a dozen times a day that I worshipped you. You know perfectly well that I never thought of loving you till you let me see that I could, and I did. And now"—he dropped his head, choking—"there's nothing good in earth or heaven. That's what you've done for me. You've killed all the soul I had."

"Oh yes," breathed Sylvia, hardly aloud, "I have done it. You are a blameless, beguiled creature; I am a hardened criminal. Oh, well, the only thing I am ashamed of is of having cared for you even a little."

"Cared for me!" sneered Delk, with a thin lip; "for six days after I left you, perhaps."

"It was longer," said Sylvia, buttoning her glove; "I think it was a week."

Her sarcasm stung Bylands like the curl of a fine lash. "Don't think you can fling me aside so easy," he said, loudly. "You'll see. I shall ask this adventurer of yours what he thinks of your actions to me. I shall tell him—"

"What a coward you are?" asked Sylvia, pulling on the other glove. "I hardly think I would reveal the intricate meannesses of my character to so little purpose. He will not believe your stories."

"I have proof. You forget that man's face in the window. Bob Valley—"

"Is a man," said Sylvia, quietly. "He will have no hand in your mire."

Bylands felt himself strangling. He stumbled to his feet, aware presently that for all his blind rage, Sylvia was standing calmly before him, still smoothing the fingers of her glove, her figure poised in an easy dignity, her face unmoved.

"Are you going now?" she asked, in a tone of courteous dismissal.

He muttered a word or two, at which Sylvia winced and shrunk, like a hair which is drawn between two sharp finger nails.

"Do not go too far," she said, with a painful sort of distinctness. "You are not dealing with a harmless creature, that will coil about your foot or creep off scared." Her eyes shone narrow, and she drew back, lifting her head like a snake which is about to strike. "There is venom in me. I will fight."

XXV.

"Look here!" said the captain, slamming a log-rule on his desk. "If this thing is going on much longer, I wish you'd clear out till you feel differ'nt. You've ben in the drug store too often this morning."

"I can withdraw from the business altogether," retorted Delk.

He was sitting across the doorway, his feet against the jamb. For a day or two he had been looking pale and sick, but now a dull color burned through his dark skin, and his light brown eyes seemed as if settling back, their clearness disturbed. His lips, vaguely defined, were purplish, and when he spoke, it was slowly and a little uncertainly, as if the medium of speech confused him, though his mind appeared to him even steadier than of common.

The captain turned on the stool, his expression changing as he looked at the figure in the door. "If you were yourself, you wouldn't use that tone to me," he said. "All I want is to help you. You're young. Green timber ain't so strong as dry. But I'd like to see you try to brace up a little. I know jest what you're going through. It ain't easy. I—I've ben there myself. Unly I hed more show than you hev for giving down. I hedn't mistaken things or presumed on friendship. And I lived to get over it, sound as a nut, without liquor."

Delk, with a short laugh, knocked his chair away and left the office.

It was warm outside in the sunshine. A flock of geese were squatting in a little green space near the office. At Delk's step they rose with curious ease, as if the ground had lifted them. Delk walked with his usual gait, but he kept his eyes down, only muttering gruffly as a man in a buckboard greeted him. He stepped on the square stone before the drug shop and strolled in. The man in charge had just pulled a tooth, and was exhibiting it to the boy in whose jaw it had lately been.

"Thet thar tooth hev the longest roots ever I laid eyes on! It's a good thing it's out'n your head, Smiler! It 'd of done you up."

The boy, holding his mouth, stared with pleased interest. "Blame' 'f it didn't feel ez big ez a broadaxe 'fore you jerked it!" he commented.

Delk, going behind the counter, occupied himself in filling a small glass. He drained it, and stood chewing his mustache, his eyes on the floor. As the boy went out he took up the glass again.

Leaning on the counter, the druggist began to expostulate. "Look-a-here, Bylands," he said, "thet's no stuff fer you to be handlin' thet way. It's right raw. I speak ez your friend. Ef I hed any Buck Creek er Camp Nelson I wouldn't say a word. But it ain't no use fer me to keep a good article. 'Ain't no call fer nothing but barbed-wire juice. And you know ez well ez I do thet a man can't put much o' thet onder his belt and not feel it. You ben samplin' thet jug fer sever'l many days. Better let me fix you up a dose of quinine and pepsin?"

"Oh, feed your drugs to the natives!" sneered Delk.

"All right," remarked the other, with an air of shifting consequences. "Your head 'll feel like a balloon on a string by to-morrer."

Bylands banged the door behind him, leaned against the porch post, and stared blankly down the street. Everything had a kind of looming look. When he glanced at a fixed object, it seemed to start toward him. A man going down the cross-road to the hotel had a peculiar gait; he appeared scarcely to touch the ground at all.

Suddenly Delk's face fired. The man in the road, walking smartly, had got nearer, a light overcoat under his arm. It was Delosier.

The sight of him was to Bylands's disordered faculties like a spark set to gunpowder. A wild impulse flamed along his veins. He straightened himself, and in another instant swung out to intercept the careless figure coming toward him.

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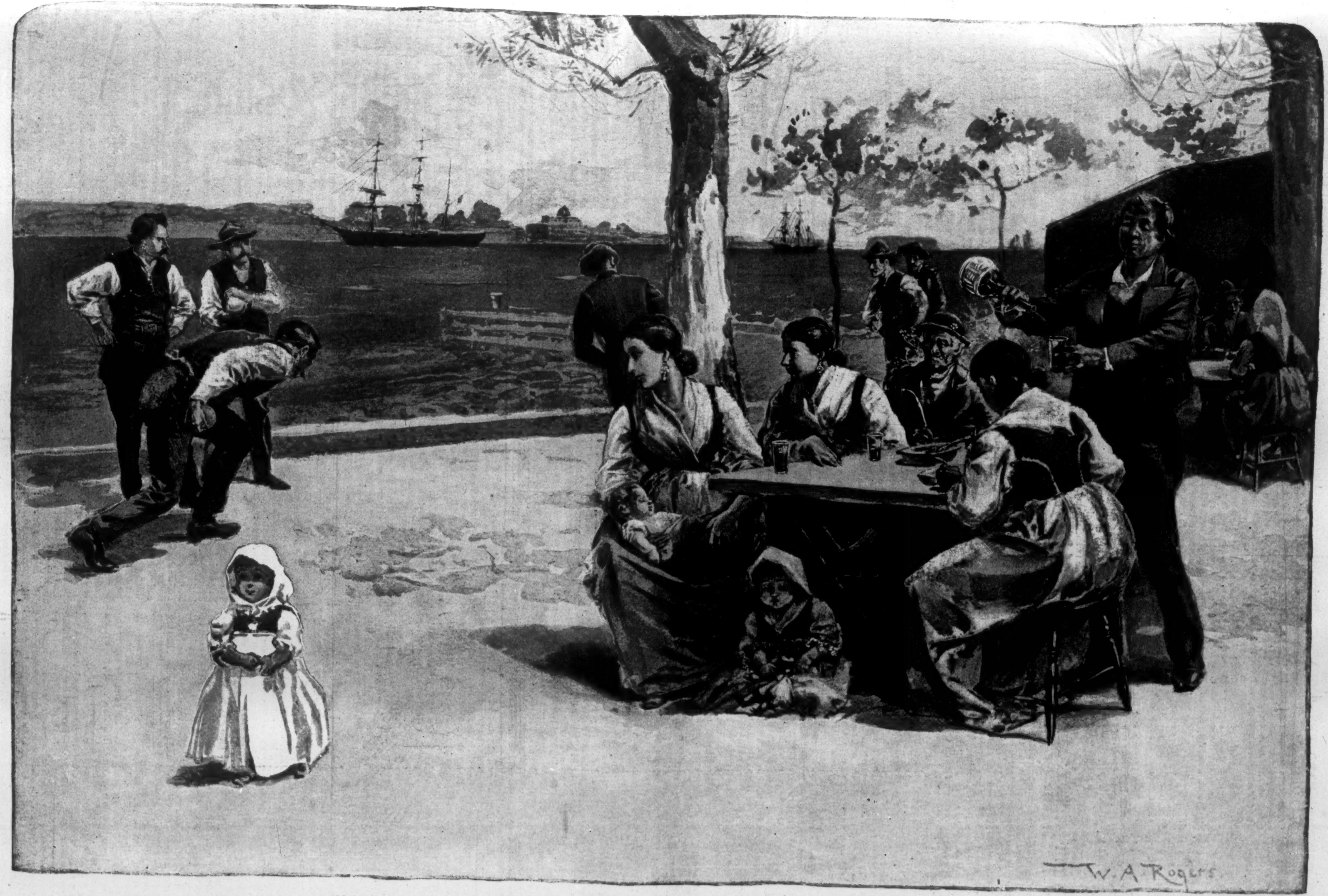


AN ITALIAN SUMMER RESORT ON THE BAY—A GAME OF BOCCIE.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 762.]

AT THE NAVY-YARD, PENSACOLA, FLORIDA.

THE warm white sand-drifts shimmer on the lea,
The reverend moss drapes many an ancient bough,
Wild orange blossoms lure the wandering bee
With fragrance sweet as passion's whispered vow.

Close to the music of the minstrel pines,
Whose boon of shade each dusky needle weaves,
The small bright foliage of the live-oak shines,
Nature's undying bloom within its leaves.

The wind is April-born, yet breathes of May;
Gulls dip and soar, with swiftly circling wings;
Cannon look seaward o'er the placid bay,
And near their silent mouths the mock-bird sings.

The clouds of spring, serenely pure and high,
Veil the blue heaven like some celestial fleece,
And all the blended life of earth and sky
Seems like a prelude to perpetual peace.

WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

THE PLAGUES IN NEW YORK.

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

THE despatches that come from Europe seem to indicate more and more that it is scarcely to be hoped that the cholera prevailing in the Russian provinces on the Caspian Sea can be confined to those provinces and kept east of the Caucasus. In St. Petersburg it is feared that the cholera will soon appear there, and the death rate along the Volga has been very great, while trade is at a standstill. In the principal towns there are thousands of disaffected half-starving workmen, who are only prevented from rioting by strong military measures. The preventive steps ordered to be taken in western Russia, we learn, have not yet been executed, owing to a panic that prevails, and cholera has already appeared at Ekaterinoslav, Odessa, and other places. The arrangements for the military manœuvres to have taken place at Kharkov have been cancelled. To Constantinople large quantities of disinfectants were sent, but these remain there, as no ships can be chartered for Russian ports. All ports on the Sea of Azof are affected with cholera, and there is fear that the disease will soon appear in western Crimea. Mr. Foster, the Secretary of the Treasury, has instructed the collectors of customs along the Atlantic seaboard to prohibit the landing of emigrants from France.

If the cholera has already invaded Europe, or shall do so, it would be too much to expect that some cases will not be brought here. Our hopes depend upon the vigilance of the health officers and the effectiveness of the quarantine. This quarantine was efficient in 1885, when cholera raged in Italy and southern France, and though a good many cases came in ships to this port; none of the sick people were permitted to land, and the disease got no hold in New York. Sometimes the quarantine has not been so effective, for since the first station was established, in 1738, on Bedloe's Island, several very disastrous plagues have raged in New York. The most of these have been yellow-fever plagues, but the cholera was here in 1832, in 1849, and again in 1866. The first great scourge from yellow fever was in 1702, when Lord Cornbury was Governor of New York. He fled, with his staff, to Jamaica, Long Island, while all the citizens who could get away took refuge in Staten Island and New Jersey. In 1746 there was a scourge from small-pox, and the New York Assembly, then sitting in the city, was driven to Greenwich Village, where the sessions were held.

In the summer of 1795 a British frigate came into New York Harbor with several cases of yellow fever on board. The disease soon spread, and in a few months there were 732 deaths. In 1792 the yellow fever had visited Philadelphia, and the people of New York had sent $5000 to help the destitute sick. Now Philadelphia returned this neighborly act by sending $7000 for the sufferers among the poor of the metropolis. But a much worse scourge of yellow fever came three years later, and in the annals of New York 1798 is known as the "dreadful yellow-fever year." There were 2086 deaths, and the sickness and suffering were aggravated by the fact that provisions became scarce, as the farmers were afraid to come into town. In the churchyards of Trinity and St. Paul's there are to be seen many tombstones erected to the memory of those who fell victims to this scourge at that time.

In 1803 the Mayor of New York, Edward Livingston, laid the corner-stone for the present City Hall, which was then so far up town that the northern wall of the building, because no one would ever see it, was made of brownstone, the other three walls being of white marble. That summer, on the 20th of July, the first case of yellow fever appeared. Work had to be suspended on the City Hall. Indeed, all work was suspended in the city, and by the 1st of August all those who could possibly leave the city fled to the country. Livingston remained and worked hard and faithfully among the sick. He was himself stricken in September, and when the doctors prescribed wine for their patient, it was found that there was not a bottle left in the Mayor's cellar. He had given it all away to the sick before being himself taken. During the illness of Mayor Livingston a confidential clerk embezzled a large sum of public money in the keeping of the Mayor. He sacrificed all his fortune to make good this loss, and resigned from office. De Witt Clinton resigned from the United States Senate to accept the appointment of Mayor to succeed Edward Livingston. In those days it was a higher honor to be Mayor of New York city than it is now considered, for the Mayor was President of the Council, and Chief Judge of the Court of Common Pleas.

In 1819 there was another visitation from the yellow fever, but it was not so severe as it had previously been. During the two succeeding summers it was not entirely absent, but was not an epidemic; but in the next summer, that of 1822, it raged with unexampled fury, and business in the city was entirely suspended during August and September, some of the infected districts being fenced off from the rest of the town. Here is a description of the state of affairs written by a son to his absent father:

"Thousands have left and other thousands, panic-stricken, are daily leaving. Stores and dwellings are closed and deserted. The custom-house, post-office, all the banks, insurance offices, and other public places of business have been removed to the upper part of Broadway and to Greenwich Village, the region roundabout being mostly occupied by merchants in buildings temporarily erected for their convenience. Such a motley scene as is exhibited defies description. There are carts, cartmen, carpenters, carriages, dust, and dry-goods to the end of the alphabet."

During this scourge it had been arranged to open the new Park Theatre, which was just completed, and Charles Mathews, the great English comedian, had come over to act on the opening night. He arrived in September, while the scourge was at its worst. He was panic-stricken, and declared to Dr. Francis and others, who visited him aboard his ship in the bay, that even on the water he could detect the deadly exhalations in the air. Dr. Francis reassured him, and induced him to go to Hoboken, where he staid till the fever had disappeared in the last days of October. Then the theatre was opened on the 8th of November, Mathews playing Goldfinch in the *Road to Ruin* and Monsieur Tonson in the farce of that name.

The next plague to scourge New York was the first outbreak of Asiatic cholera in America in 1832. Three thousand persons died from this disease from the 4th of July till the 1st of October. Then the cholera reappeared in 1849, as related in a recent article in the WEEKLY on the "Cholera in Russia." In 1853 it again appeared, and then again in 1866. This was its most serious visitation. It had arrived in New York in November, 1865, *viá* Havre, by the steamship *Atlanta;* but that time it was successfully quarantined. In April, 1866, an emigrant ship came in with 31 cholera dead; on the twentieth day of the same month the emigrant ship *England* followed with 950 immigrants. She had started with 1200, but on the way over 250 had died of cholera. Ten days after the arrival of the *England* the first case broke out in New York. Then case followed case, the health officers taking charge of each infected house and fighting the spread of the scourge valiantly. Before July 31st there had been 87 fatal cases in New York and 112 in Brooklyn. On that day the disease broke out in full fury; 53 new cases were reported, and of these 37 died almost at once. In the next ten days there were more than 500 deaths in New York and Brooklyn. The epidemic lasted through September, and in New York and Brooklyn there were 1600 deaths.

The greatest number of cases occurred in Baxter and Mulberry streets, where the oldest and filthiest tenements were. Some of them are there to-day, but they are now in better condition than then. Wherever there was a nuisance of any sort—a slaughter-house, a bone-boiling shop, or a fat-rendering establishment—the plague settled down and stuck until the places were thoroughly disinfected by the health officers. The records of this epidemic of cholera are full of instruction for those whose duty it now is to protect New York and the country from a visitation this year or next. New York is a more universal entrepôt for foreign shipping than it was when the cholera was previously brought here, and if it be successfully dealt with here, as it was in 1885, there is hope that the whole country will be saved.

SURF-BATHING.

THE swimmer who once becomes initiated i[illegible]ll the briny degrees of surf-bathing invariably loses his appreciation of still water. There is a spice of danger in the surf which makes it doubly attractive. There is something for him to battle with. Things are not all his own way, and he encounters breakers so full of force as to bowl him over as easily as though he were a wooden ninepin. But really, with all this, the dangers of the surf to a swimmer who knows something of the water are not great, unless, perhaps, there are certain tides and currents which are so subtle, yet so powerful, as to make prey of even boats which venture on the surface. But it is from the carelessness or foolhardiness of the swimmer that drowning accidents are so frequent. For some years past a small newspaper published on the Jersey coast has announced with commendable regularity the arrival of the "damphool swimmer"—to wit, the man who goes about a half-mile from shore.

The man who comes to the sea-shore to swim had better be very sure of his strength before he attempts any lengthy excursions beyond the big swell near the shore. He can get all the excitement he wants, and more, too, perhaps, within a very short distance from shore, and no one will consider him cowardly if he "hugs close," and rides the breakers instead of going outside to exhibit his doubtful aquatic accomplishments.

It is a notorious fact that it is always the best and strongest swimmers who come to grief at the sea-shore, and pay with their lives the penalty of knowing too much. The reason for this is because a man who has confidence in his own ability to keep afloat will take longer chances than the man who can swim a little. To become exhausted in the surf means to go under, to get into the maw of a marine pugilist who fights with a hundred hands, and who deals upper cuts, jabs, and swings without a rest. If there is any one about who is able to help, the vanquished swimmer is pulled out as limp as a bit of sea-moss, and it is a toss as to whether or no he will ever get his breath back.

Perhaps the most ordinary danger of the sea-shore—if danger can be called ordinary—is what are known as the three waves. The breakers, as a rule, come in a series of three. Sometimes the three are small, and sometimes are very heavy, but, as a rule, the sequences run about the same size. Imagine a bather inside the surf-line, with the surf breaking over a bar about fifty or one hundred feet from shore. Those big green waves that rise higher and higher as they come toward him do not seem very formidable. The first one rears its head before it reaches him with an angry swish; a curl of foam, like a feather edge, crops out along the top, and fills the air with spray. Then the wave takes a more decided shoreward curl, the line of foam becomes deeper, there is a crash as it drops to a level, and the bather finds himself thrown down in a caldron of seething surf. Say he is in three feet of water on the level. After the wave has passed, he struggles to his feet choking, gasping, and half blind with the salt-water. He doesn't really know what has happened, but he has a dim idea that something has hit him. Before he has time to collect his senses the second of the series is upon him, and he goes down again. He is dazed and confused, and he flounders around hopelessly. The third wave is always the finishing stroke, and gives the life-saver, if there is one, a chance to do some work. Guided by an outstretched arm thrust above the water involuntarily, or by a bobbing head with which the surf is playing football, he drags the unsophisticated one out on the sand. That is the most common danger of the surf.

To a surf-swimmer it represents no danger at all. Notice the difference between the two. The experienced surfman knows to a dot the strength of each wave, when it will break, and whether or not an undertow will be the result. In describing how to bathe in the surf, I am going to give the language of perhaps one of the best swimmers and surfmen on the New Jersey coast. He is Mr. T. N. Lillagore, and he has not yet lost the air and bearing of a graduated collegian. He is big, brown, and strong, with a decided personality, and gives one the impression that he could kick a goal without much trouble, and would be a hard man to meet if he lined up on the opposing team. He has been spending his summers on the coast ever since he can remember, and can talk more learnedly about the surf than all of the life-savers from Barnegat to Sandy Hook.

"A good surfman," he said, "if he is on a strange shore where there are liable to be any currents, will study them before he enters the water; but, as a rule, dangerous currents are few. If he knows the coast, he will wait until a wave is about to break, then make a dive through it; not too deep a dive, though, for sand will scrape like a file. If the surf is heavy and rapid, as soon as his head is out of the water, he will look for and expect the next one. If it breaks before it reaches him, he will dive under the whirling stretch of foam, and save a lot of his strength. If not, he will either ride over it or dive through it. But he never becomes careless. He looks upon the surf as an enemy if he is not careful, and as a means of giving him pleasure if he handles himself as he ought. The most dangerous bathing is where there is a sea-push, or, as the sailors call it, a sea-puss. It is a current which runs from the shore along a channel between two sand bars. The waves breaking over the bars meet on shore, and run out together in the deep channel. There is no chance for the ignorant swimmer who is caught in a sea-push. The experienced one will never swim against it; he will go with it, keeping his feet well up, until he gets a chance to cross it.

"The danger of the undertow is not great except in rare places. But in the cases of women and children, the undertow might be considered as rather a bad thing in this way: if a strong sea breaking well on shore, by its force knocks a woman or child down, in receding, it will invariably drag them out a short distance with it. But the force and power of the undertow have been very much overestimated, and there is really not much danger in it. When fatal accidents occur, I find they are generally caused by exhaustion or carelessness. The surf-bather should not take long swims outside. He can have all the excitement he wants by sticking closely to the surf. Let him find a sand bar at low tide, where the surf breaks 200 or 300 feet from shore, and with a little practice he can learn to ride on a breaker for any distance up to 300 feet in water that if he were standing up would scarcely reach to his waist."

LOVE'S KNOWLEDGE.

THE minstrel sits at his Lady's feet,
And tunes his lute to a gentle lay:
"*Whisper, ye winds, ye song-birds repeat,*
True is my Lady as she is sweet;
I sing to her whom I love alway."

The Lady thinks of her cavalier,
And counts the minstrel Love's minister;
The Lady dreams of her knight sincere,
But a blushing maiden seated near
Knows the minstrel's song is meant for her.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

AN ITALIAN PLAY-GROUND.

STATEN ISLAND, as a whole, is very cosmopolitan, and offers many attractions to people of divers nationalities. The Englishman is made to feel at home by a portion of society that to all intents and purposes, as far as outward semblance goes, is wholly English. The German may find his beer-garden open at all times (despite excise regulations), and sip either the regular brew of the big breweries or the "private brew" of his host in company with his genial fellow-citizens. If the Frenchman is inclined to make a pilgrimage to the shrine of departed royalty, there is the house in the interior of the island where Louis Napoleon spent some days of exile. And to the Italian patriot a pleasure is also given. Near Stapleton lived for a long time the great redeemer of Italy, none other than Garibaldi, who supported himself by making candles, thus seeking to enlighten the world even during his years of obscurity. The old house where Garibaldi lived and worked is a favorite resort for Italians, and not far away, within the circle where the famous leader moved, is a play-ground for the sons of Italy.

The difference with which the people of various nations take their pleasure has often been remarked. Mr. Rogers, who has pictured some Italians playing at their favorite game of *boccie*, shows that their interest in the passing play is decidedly intense and earnest. A number of the Italian people visit the resort on holidays and Sundays, and for the time being may forget their adopted country in sipping the wines and playing the games of their native land. The wives and children and the sweethearts of the men generally accompany them, many of them attired in the bright colors and great kerchiefs of their native dress. The sweet wine they drink comes from the wicker-covered long-necked bottles that are used in Italy, and the attendant is a beetle-browed exile from the land of the Cæsars. And as the children play about the grass, the women sit beneath the trees and watch the men engage in *boccie*, until, gazing out to sea through the Narrows, with the familiar group in the foreground, one might imagine himself on the shores of southern Europe.

The game of *boccie*, which is extremely popular with Italians, is very much like the out-door game of bowls. It is usually played with wooden balls; but where the players are unable to afford such luxury, carefully selected stones are made to answer the purpose. There are nine balls in all; one small one, about the size of the smallest ball used in playing "cocked hat" with tenpins, the other eight being several grades larger, but not too large to be grasped and thrown with one hand. They are, in fact, about the size of the balls used in the old game of regular tenpins before the balls with holes came in use. Two or four players may engage in the game, and dividing into equal sides, the small ball is thrown out a certain distance by the first player, who then tries to make the large ball lodge in the vicinity of the small one. In the case of four players the opponents are divided, two players facing their respective partners at a certain distance, and first one side and then the other throwing the balls. As the player who lands his large ball nearest to the small object-ball scores a point, there is much excitement when the game becomes close, or when one player is able to knock his opponent's ball away from a favorable position. This is, roughly, the manner in which the game is played, and down on the edge of the bay, on a holiday or Sunday, the absorbed players may be seen, while the brightly robed women look on with interest, and applaud each point, the wicker-covered long-necked bottle contributing to the pleasure of the moment.

AMATEVR · SPORT

The National Association of Amateur Oarsmen has at last attained its legal majority, and its twenty-first annual regatta was decided on Saratoga Lake July 26th, 27th, and 28th. The older class of American oarsmen—those who rowed as early as the '70's—have nothing but pleasant recollections of Saratoga Lake, which is, all things considered, the finest place in America for a grand regatta. The surrounding country is beautiful, the training accommodations are all that could be asked, and the course unequalled. Nowhere else has there ever been seen such a sight as the Amateur Regatta of 1874, when eleven single-scull shells and thirteen four-oared boats started in their respective events; or the Intercollegiate Race in 1875, when thirteen six-oared boats started abreast. It is probable that the executive committee will decide to hold the annual national regatta on this lake for a term of five years, which arrangement would warrant an expenditure of sufficient money to build a capacious boat-house and proper floats, as well as to have the various courses correctly measured and permanently marked by lines of buoys and flags.

Oarsmen who have trained on Saratoga Lake remember that the lake was customarily smooth in the forenoon of six out of seven days, and rough in the afternoon on at least five of each seven days. These facts would seem to indicate the wisdom of rowing the races in the forenoon. The only objection ever urged to this plan was that the committee desired to secure the attendance of that part of Saratoga's summer population which attends the horse-racing during the forenoon; but these horse-races are held on only five days of the week, and it would be easy to arrange a regatta so that the final day, which is the most interesting, should be that day on which there is no horse-racing, and thus allow Saratoga's entire population to witness the boat-races.

This year's experiences showed the necessity of such an arrangement. All Tuesday forenoon the water was smooth as glass, and the despatches to the afternoon journals spoke of this fact, and of the certainty of fine racing; yet at 3 P.M. rough water made necessary a postponement until 5 P.M., and darkness prevented the last two races on the programme. Next day the lengthy programme made it extremely desirable to start promptly, but rough water again made necessary a delay of an hour and a half, and subsequent fouls, collisions, and shipwreck caused the final decision of three of the championships to be further postponed until the next day. Even after waiting an hour and a half the first three races were rowed in water too rough for light racing craft, and the winners owed their victories more to clever watermanship than to fast rowing. When oarsmen, after months of faithful training, travel hundreds of miles to attempt winning championship honors, they deserve a contest in smooth water, where their actual ability can be demonstrated, and the committee of the annual championship regatta should provide such smooth water for these races, no matter if the selected hour does not accommodate the spectators. These annual national championship races are for the oarsmen, not for the spectators, and the safety, comfort, and fair treatment of these oarsmen should prevail over all other considerations.

The preliminary arrangements for this year's regatta were intrusted to parties quite unfamiliar with such work, and the result was far from satisfactory. The course was awkwardly laid out, and the turning stakes were entirely too near each other—so near, in fact, that there were fouls at the turn in almost every race, and crews were sunk or disqualified which under fair conditions might have won. Such inattention to the essential arrangements of a regatta might be expected in local affairs, but are inexcusable at the annual national regatta. They never should have been allowed this year, and must not occur hereafter if the committee desire to maintain the standing of its annual contests.

For the first time this year all of the races except the eights were rowed with a turn, this change from straight-away racing having been made with the desire to attract spectators, who enjoy turning races, where the start and finish are both in front of the grand stand, much better than the straight-away style, where the crews start so far away as to be almost invisible, and only get within range of distinguishable vision in the final half-mile. But in this matter, as in the time of starting the races, it should be remembered that first consideration is due to the oarsmen instead of the spectators, and it is certain that nine out of every ten oarsmen prefer straight-away racing. The turning stakes promote fouls, and frequently give a great advantage to crews which are slower than their opponents, but have taken special practice in whipping a race-boat around a stake. There is on Saratoga Lake room enough for twenty crews to row abreast in a three-mile straight-away race, and where there is so much room it seems folly to row around turning stakes and to split the races into heats, as was done this year. Heat races are very well on little streams where only two or three boats can row abreast, but the grand Saratoga regattas of 1873, 1874, 1875, and 1876, with ten, eleven, twelve, and thirteen crews starting abreast, were the finest aquatic exhibitions ever seen in America, and could be repeated if the executive committee of the National Association would broaden its views and frame its plans for a grand regatta, such as Saratoga Lake allows, instead of making all arrangements as if the regatta was to be rowed on some narrow creek.

The Junior singles was won easily by Peter Lehaney, of Albany, H. W. F. Cody, of the Manhattan A. C., a poor second.

The Senior singles was an unsatisfactory affair. E. Durnan, of the Sunnyside Boat Club, Toronto, Ontario, a nephew of Edward Hanlan, and considered a likely candidate for championship honors within a few years, rowed in the Canadian championships a week before, and was accused, rightfully or wrongfully, of selling the race. This feeling was so strong in his native town that his club requested the committee of the National Regatta to cancel his entry, which was accordingly done in both the single and the double sculls. F. Hawkins, of the Manhattan A. C., was also charged with selling recent races, but as his club did not request his withdrawal, he was allowed to row under protest. The weight of this protest seemed to anchor his boat, and although the rowing course was in front of his own door, on water to which he had been accustomed from childhood, he finished a poor fourth. E. Hedley, of Philadelphia, and W. Caffery, of Lawrence, Massachusetts, were the favorites; but the rough water destroyed their chance, and the championship was won by John J. Ryan, of Toronto, who was considered at home second only to Durnan in rowing ability, and who would probably have won the double scull race if Durnan's entry had not been thrown out.

Hedley and Parke, of Philadelphia, won the double scull race despite the terrible race which Hedley had had only an hour before for the single championship. Quill and Freeth, of the Varuna Boat Club, of Brooklyn, finished only a few feet behind the champions, after a magnificent race from the turning stake.

The pair-oared event was a sad bungle. Detroit and Nonpareil fouled at the turn, but subsequently Detroit finished first, Iona second, Atlanta third, and Nonpareil fourth. Subsequently the Detroits were disqualified, and the remaining crews ordered to row again next day, which they did, Atlanta winning easily by a length and a half.

The Junior fours was another muddle. Institute fouled Astoria at the turn, and the latter crew soon sank. The fouling crew were disqualified, and the others ordered to row again next day, which they did, Ariel, of Baltimore, winning handily, with Atlantas, of New York, second.

The Senior four-oared race was worse than the others. Six crews started, and four of them were tangled up at the turning stake. Every boat fouled every other boat, and the referee finally stopped all the crews, restarted them, and let them row a fresh race from the turning stakes to the finish. Even in this little stretch the boats could not keep apart, and the Atlanta and Argonaut collided, while Modoc and Wyandotte finished first in a dead heat. The race was declared off, and Wyandotte, Argonaut, and Modoc ordered to row again next day, which they did, and Wyandotte won, after a good race, with Modoc second.

The Junior eights, added to the programme for the first time this year, was not much of a race. It was at one time declared off for lack of entries, but finally the committee drummed up two crews. Dauntless came to the post without a rudder, meandered all over the lake, crowded the Everetts time and again, and finally fouled them and stopped rowing, allowing Everetts to win a race which would in any event have been awarded to them on the foul. There were ugly rumors regarding the composition of the winning crew, and an investigation has been ordered.

The race of the regatta, the race of the year, and, it might be said, the race of many years, was the Senior eight-oared shells. Three months ago a dozen crews were mentioned as probable contestants for this the highest aquatic honor of the year, but some were tried and found wanting, some went to pieces in training, and business or sickness robbed others of men whose seats could not be satisfactorily filled, until at last only three crews took the word. This race was rowed by twilight, a mile and a half straight-away, with no wind, weather hot, and water perfectly smooth—everything, in fact, favorable for fair racing and fast time. The race was rowed without interference or fouling of any kind, and the best crew won in time five seconds faster than any previous performance.

The winners were the so-called "Chippie" crew of the New York Athletic Club, which beat Manhattan Athletic Club by about 50 feet, with the Malta Boat Club, of Philadelphia, several lengths ahead. This victory is the cap-stone of the pyramid of honor which this crew has built for itself during the past twelve months. Organized in the summer of 1890 merely for amusement, they rowed their first race as Juniors August 7th, and on Labor day won themselves out of the Junior class on the Kill Von Kull. Next spring they won the intermediate eights at the Passaic regatta on Decoration day, and at the National Regatta won the eight-oared championship. After this race three of the crew were compelled by business to give up rowing, but their places were filled during the winter by selection from the club's Junior crews, and after rowing at the principal regattas this season, they crowned their career by winning for the second time the National Championship.

The character of this crew makes its victory extremely popular. No crew which ever sat in a boat was more strictly composed of gentlemen amateurs. Every oarsman has been a member of his club for years, and only two of them ever rowed under other colors. They were not borrowed from other clubs, nor purloined from any college, as the case with the Manhattan Athletic Club's crew, but were educated and developed in the club's boat-house.

The way in which the crew won this race, and, in fact, the way in which they have won all their races, is worthy of study and imitation by all amateur oarsmen. When the signal is given, it is the custom of most amateur crews to start off with a stroke too fast for effective work, to plough away in this scraggy style until the crew is fairly exhausted, and then settle down to a sensible stroke after the men are too tired to row effectively. The New York A. C. crew has ascertained by repeated experiment just what stroke they can row thoroughly and effectively for any named distance.

When they start in a race, they start with a stroke which they know they can keep up throughout. They do not allow themselves to be flustered when behind, nor to be provoked into imitating the fast work of their opponents, but they simply row what they know to be their most effective stroke, and are content to wait behind until their opponents have exhausted themselves by unnecessary and unskilfully applied labor. This crew has also another strong point. Not since the Northwestern crew rowed in the Saratoga Regatta of 1876, has there been seen an amateur crew which could, in the excitement of a race, spurt without quickening. When the ordinary stroke-oar is called on for an extra effort he quickens his stroke, shortens it a little, and after a dozen or fifteen frantic dashes begins also to weaken. When the New York A. C. crew wish to make an extra effort, their cool-headed stroke does not quicken, but adds an inch or two to the reach forward, a little more viciousness to the catch of the water, and a few pounds more of weight and strength on the oar handle. In this way the crew, when called upon, walks away from its opponents without changing its stroke, and only the most experienced observer can see how it is done.

The Meadow Club of Southampton, like the Longwood Cricket Club the week before, succeeded in bringing together an unusual number of skilful players. When almost all of the spring tournaments turned out to be failures, there were many only too ready to cry that the interest in lawn-tennis was on the wane, but the success of the midsummer events proves exactly the reverse. It must be remembered that a great many of the most enthusiastic and expert tournament players are college men who are not at liberty until July. Among the entries at Longwood and Southampton alone we find Hovey, Wrenn, and E. Stevens, of Harvard; A. J. Shaw, Sanford, the Howland brothers, and Fowler, of Yale; Larned, of Cornell; and McCormick, of Princeton—all of them players whose presence insures the success of any tournament. The game is probably more widely played this summer than ever before, and when the experts gather at Newport on the 22d, I predict that crowds even greater than those of last year will view their struggles for the championship, and with considerably more comfort, too, for the Casino governors have erected a grand stand near the court upon which the final matches will be played.

At Southampton last week it was expected that Tobin, one of the Californians, would play. He did not appear; but with Richard Stevens, W. A. Larned, E. L. Hall, S. T. Chase, and Q. A. Shaw, Jun., among the entries, there was little room for disappointment. A surprise of the early rounds was the defeat of R. V. Beach by W. K. Fowler. The latter played extremely well, but Beach's defeat only served to emphasize the opinion of his game so freely expressed by all the critics this summer, *e.g.*, that it is strangely erratic and inconsistent. The Howland brothers show exceedingly good tennis for men who appear so seldom in tournaments. As I remember it, both did fairly well in an intercollegiate tournament some time ago, but the younger was a substitute in the Yale crew this spring, and certainly neither has appeared in an open event for some years, except those at Southampton, their summer home. Last week the younger yielded to E. L. Hall only after two close sets, the second being one of twenty games; while the other performed fully as well in a three-set match with S. T. Chase. The great feature of the play in the early rounds, however, was Richard Stevens's first defeat of the season. The glory of defeating him was won by young Larned, who, in company with Malcolm Chace, is now commonly referred to as "a coming man." Nor is he unworthy of the reference, for he certainly shows distinct improvement on each new appearance. Last week he was sharp enough to discover a new and simple method of scoring points against Stevens, viz., by dropping balls just over the net, while the latter was clinging to his favorite position at the base-line. But while giving Larned due credit, it must be said in Stevens's favor that he did not play with nearly the same strength and skill that he had shown at Westchester. At least such was the opinion of almost all the players who were present at both tournaments.

The four best players in the tournament were left for the semi-final round; but both of the matches were disappointing, as E. L. Hall defeated Chase very easily, and Shaw was not able to make it even interesting for Larned. A few years ago Shaw played so brilliantly that he could afford to lose a point now and then by carelessness. Now he is just as careless as of old, and in addition seems to have lost most of his snap and dash.

The final was won by E. L. Hall, who defeated Larned after a four-set match, and followed up this success by winning the odd set in the challenge round from his brother, V. G. Hall, thus keeping the Long Island championship in the family.

The Canadian Championship has been won once more by a resident of the United States. Instead of accompanying the rest of the "cracks" to Southampton last week, Hovey quietly stole off to Canada in company with Bixby, his usual partner in doubles. The two defeated all of the Canadian entries, as well as Fuller, of Boston, and Avery, of Detroit, and then played off for the championship, Hovey, of course, capturing the title with ease. Indeed, the tournament could have been of but little service to him as a preparation for Newport. This week he is at Saratoga, prepared to defend the challenge cup representing the championship of New York State, won by him for the first time last year, and there is a strong possibility of still another meeting with E. L. Hall, as the latter's name appears among the entries.

The entries for the Eastern Championship Doubles, also being played at Saratoga this week, were to have closed last Thursday, but were probably kept open for a day or two longer on account of the few entries received up to the time named. It is much to be regretted if this event has to be recorded once more as a failure, for the officers of the National Association selected Saratoga in the hope and confidence that the novelty and many attractions of the place would enlist more players than had ever before entered for the doubles. Twelve or fifteen pairs contest in the Western tournament each year, while here in the East it is almost impossible to bring together six or eight. It has been individual strength, and not good team play, that has up to this year enabled the Eastern pair to win the championship match at Newport, and if this lack of interest in the East continues, it is only a question of time when some Western pair, with superior team-work, will carry off the honor. I am informed by the Secretary of the Association that among the pairs entered are the Hall brothers, Hovey and Bixby, and Slocum and Clark, Shaw and Chase, so that quality certainly will not be lacking. It is to be hoped that the desired quantity was supplied at the last minute.

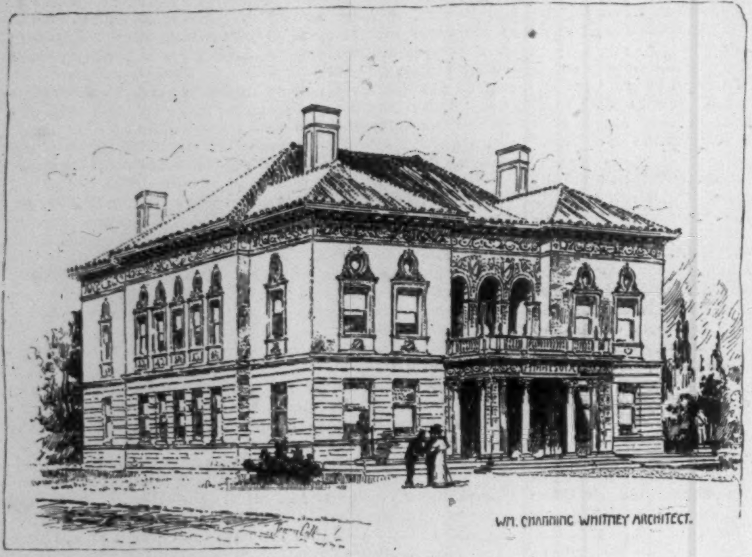
The forty-eighth annual cruise of the New York Yacht Club began August 2d, the fleet starting from their favorite rendezvous at Glen Cove, Long Island. It now seems probable that the cruise will be more interesting than usual, that the daily runs from port to port will be hotly contested, and that the cup races at Newport will result in close competitions.

The annual court-tennis championship will begin August 20th at the Newport Casino. Among the probable contestants are B. S. Garmendia, J. S. Tooker, Michael Herbert, R. D. Sears, Foxhall Keene, Fiske Warren, and Mr. Emmons. Mr. Tooker has since his return from Europe given great attention to the game, and it will be interesting to see how he stands against Mr. Warren's very skilful play.

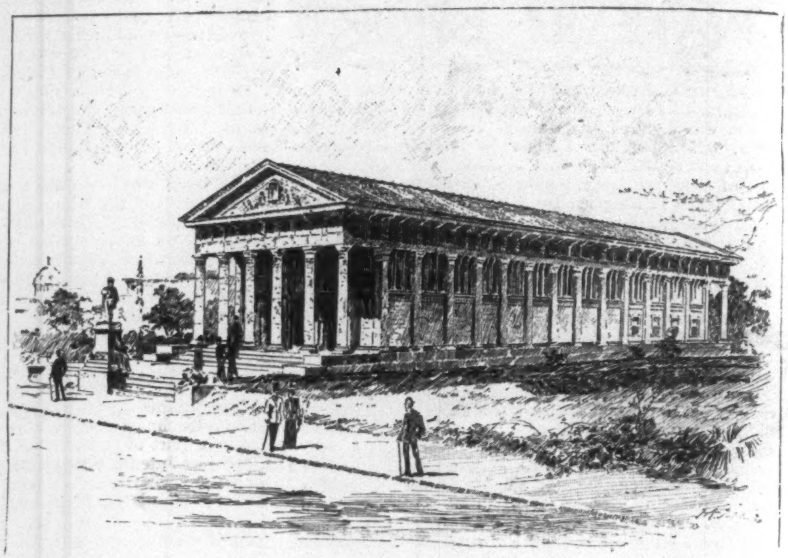
The Bermuda boat *Bermuda*, which, to use a word made historic by the late Captain Coffin, is "buggalugging" around these waters hunting for a race, is one of the saddest specimens of marine architecture ever seen here. She looks as if she might have as much tonnage as a full-rigged ship, and draw as much water as a Cunarder. Her rig is dispiriting in the utmost degree, and so will be her performance if she ever meets any of our boats. The claim of the Bermudians that their boats can go to windward better than ours is all nonsense. They can shoot farther in stays, but races are not won that way. It is safe to say that any one of our racing craft in the *Bermuda's* class will beat her hull down in a thrash of twenty miles to windward and return.

Caspar W. Whitney.

"AMERICAN FOOTBALL."—By Walter Camp.—With 31 Illustrations.—Price, $1 25.—Published by Harper & Brothers.


WM. CHANNING WHITNEY ARCHITECT.

MINNESOTA BUILDING.



GEORGIA BUILDING.

STATE BUILDINGS AT THE FAIR.

NEW YORK.

AMONG the responsibilities confided to the Board of General Managers of the Exhibit of the State of New York at the World's Columbian Exposition, not the least was that of erecting on the plot of ground reserved for it at Jackson Park a State building. The site is one of the most commanding given to any member of the Union. It will face the Art Palace, and will be flanked on either side by those of Pennsylvania and Massachusetts.

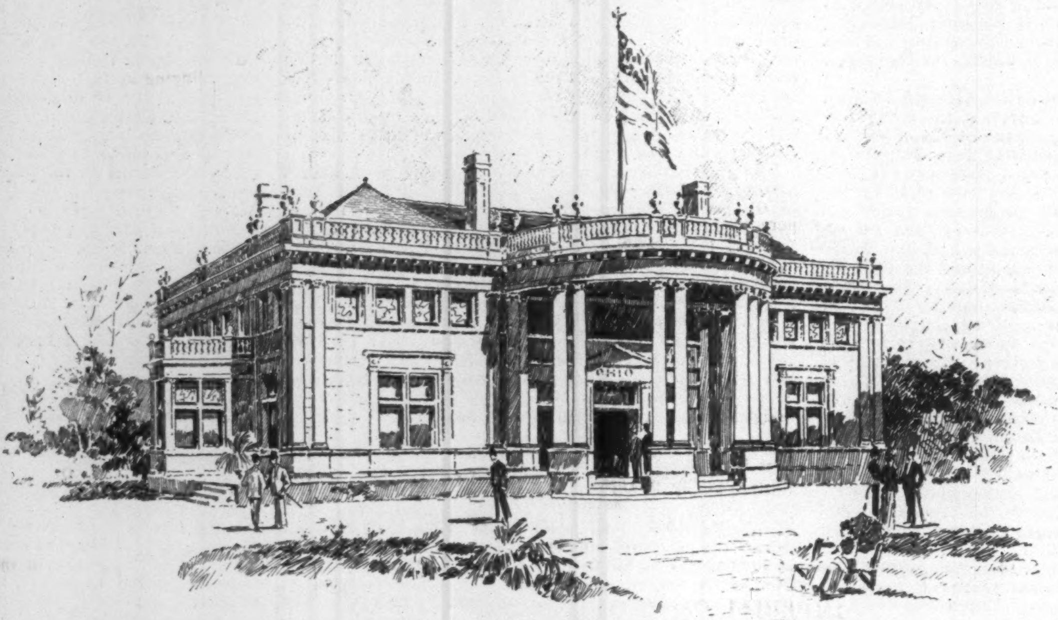
In the selection of the style of the building due weight was given to the conditions of climate and surroundings, and to the necessity of making a successful comparison with the larger buildings of the exposition. The opportunity for liberal breadth of treatment, and the palatial and festal characteristics which pertain to the school of the Italian Renaissance, were accepted as controlling considerations.

The materials of construction are wood and "staff," as is the rule in the minor fair buildings, but every detail of internal and external decoration will be prepared with as much care as if the structure were of the enduring marble of its prototypes.

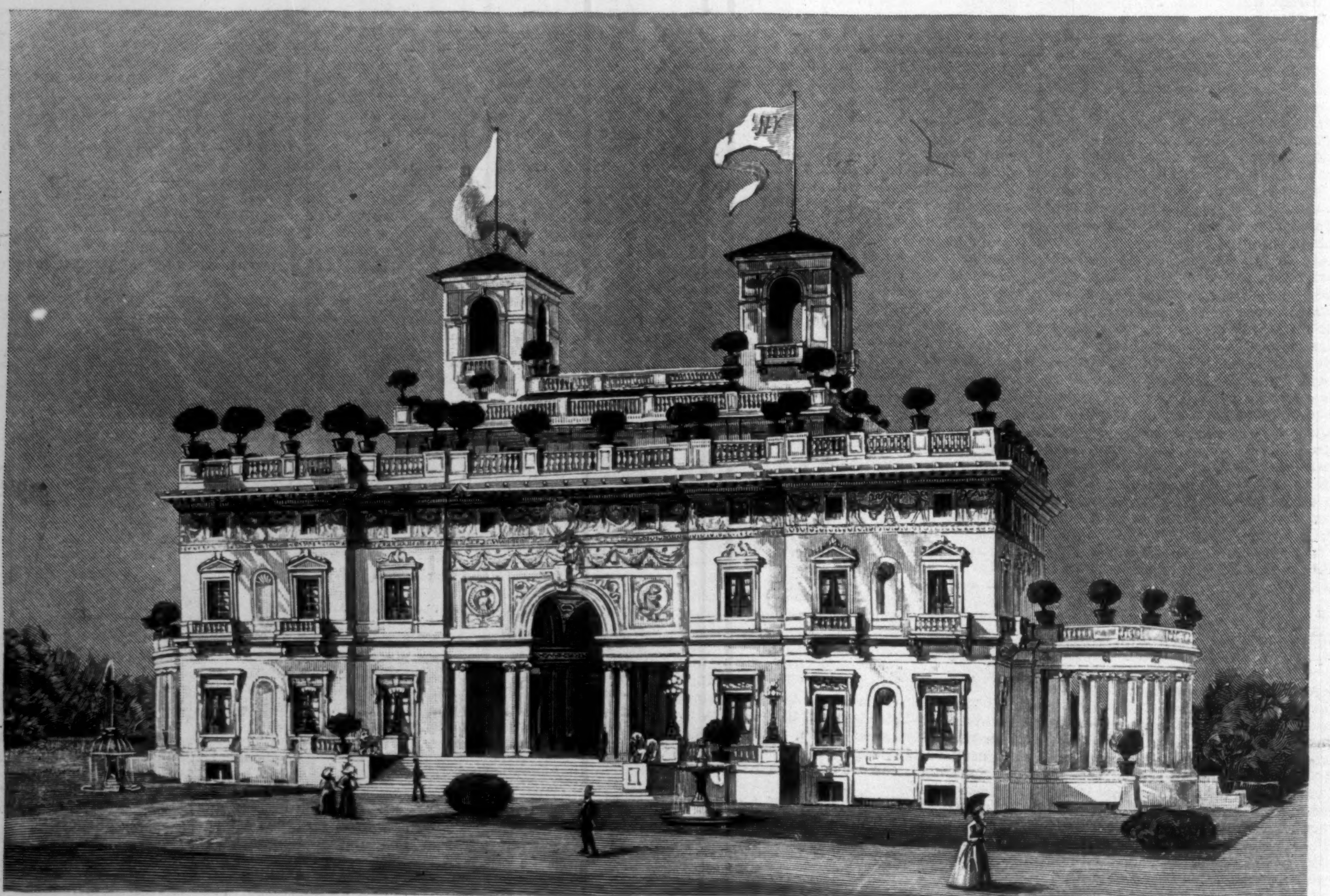
The building, which is now fairly under way, covers an area of 14,538 square feet, exclusive of terrace and porticos, which have an additional area of 3676 feet. It is rectangular in form, and is approached on the south by a flight of fourteen steps, 46 feet wide, giving access to a grand terrace 15 × 80 feet, from which the loggia or open vestibule, 46 × 17½ feet, is reached. The length of the building proper is 154 feet, and including porticos, 214 feet. The depth of the main building is 89 feet, and its greatest width 106 feet.

A notable feature of the building will be the triple terrace garden formed by the roofs of the east and west porticos, and the belvederes, the main roof, and the connecting deck between the belvederes.

(*Continued on page 766.*)



OHIO BUILDING.



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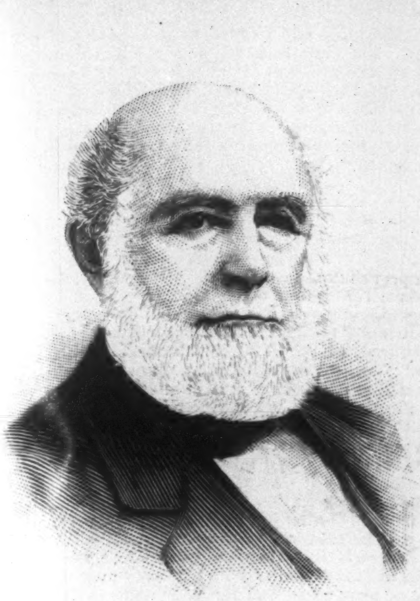
NEW YORK BUILDING.

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—STATE BUILDINGS AT CHICAGO.



THE LATE E. C. KNIGHT.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GUTEKUNST, PHILADELPHIA.

EDWARD C. KNIGHT.

PHILADELPHIA lost in the death of Edward Collins Knight, who died at his Cape May cottage on the 21st inst., one of her foremost merchants, patriots, and philanthropists. Mr. Knight's ancestor, Giles Knight, came over from Gloucestershire, England, in the ship *Welcome*, with William Penn, and settled in Byberry, now a thickly built up section of Philadelphia. The family subsequently moved to New Jersey, in which State Mr. Knight was born, in Gloucester (now Camden) County, December 8, 1813. His parents and all of his forefathers belonged to the Society of Friends, to whose tenets he always remained an adherent. The "stock" from which Mr. Knight sprang have always been noted for persistency of purpose, an intense love of country, their integrity, love of truth, and a deep sense of their responsibilities as citizens. All these attributes E. C. Knight inherited to a remarkable degree. Until his seventeenth year Mr. Knight remained upon his father's farm; he then took a position in a country store at Kaighn's Point, New Jersey, receiving his board and a small sum over; there he remained two years, when he removed to Philadelphia, having secured a position in a well-known grocery house of that day. This was in 1832. In May, 1836, he established himself in the grocery business, giving his mother an interest in the concern. At once the young merchant began to show what he was made of. The venture prospered amazingly, so that they extended their operations to the importing business, at that time largely with Cape Haytien, principally dealing in coffee. For the past twenty-five years his principal business had been that of a sugar-refiner; the firm remained an independent factor in the "sugar fight" until the early spring of this year, when finally he and Claus Spreckels and the Franklin refineries became part of the Sugar Trust.

During the last forty years of his life Mr. Knight embarked in many business enterprises. Among others, he originated the idea of the sleeping-car of to-day, which was suggested to his fertile brain by the discomforts of an all-rail journey to New Orleans. He was President of the Central Railroad of New Jersey from 1876 to 1880; director in the Pennsylvania, Reading and Bound Brook, and North Pennsylvania roads, and of some of the strongest and most influential financial institutions in Philadelphia. In all his business relations he was pre-eminent for his absolute integrity of purpose and liberality of dealing. It is related of him that for thirty-seven years no one but himself ever signed a note for the firm, and for years he devoted sixteen hours a day to his business. And yet now we have a half-holiday on Saturdays for four months out of the year, and a whole day off whenever it is to be had! In the times when Mr. Knight was building up his fortune it meant work, work, and very little play. And yet through it all he remained hearty, fresh, and vigorous almost up to the day of his death. So much for his business career. He overcame stupendous obstacles by unbounded confidence in himself, with which he had also the faculty of inspiring others.

But it is not alone as merchant that Mr. Knight made for himself a great name, but as patriot and public-spirited citizen and philanthropist. During the civil war, when dark clouds hung over the cause of the Union, when money was wanted, when faith was needed, E. C. Knight was always to the fore. There was not a regiment organized in the Quaker City, not a relief committee started, but what his name figured amongst the most liberal of subscribers. He equipped out of his own means two full regiments from New Jersey, in which State he always took a lively interest. He was also a member of the Sanitary Commission which did such splendid service at Gettysburg, and was also largely instrumental in presenting General Grant with a fine private residence just after the close of the war.

In politics Mr. Knight was an ardent Republican. In no sense a politician nor an office-seeker, political faith to him was a matter of religion; his fervor had that fine love of country that swept all before it with enthusiasm. He had a most ardent faith in President Harrison, whose grandfather he had known and voted for. On the night of the election four years ago, when the news from New York settled beyond a doubt the Presidency, Mr. Knight, then in his seventy-fifth year, at one o'clock in the morning, headed a procession of a thousand men, members of the Union League and citizens, many of whom, like himself, forty years before had voted for another Harrison, and without band, torch-lights, or banners, marched down Chestnut Street and up again, amid such scenes of excitement and enthusiasm as beggar description, and such as had not been paralleled in the staid old Quaker City since the day Richmond fell and the great rebellion was part of our country's history. Always an intense Republican, he was never a bitter partisan, but had for men of all political creeds a perfect courtesy and toleration.

Mr. Knight never forgot that he was "a self-made man." Some rich men have a happy faculty of forgetting in their prosperity how from "a little acorn the great oak did grow." This Edward C. Knight always remembered with pride. Several years ago, at a celebration of his birthday, he took a party of friends to the little farm whereon he was born, showed them the frame house in which he first saw the light of day, and altogether gloried in the immense distance his own exertions had placed between his palatial residence on Chestnut Street and the frame shanty with one room in New Jersey.

As an object-lesson to the beginner in life, for him who is struggling against odds to gain an ever-increasing strength of foothold in the path of life, take Edward Collins Knight as a model. His life career had that firmness of purpose, was surrounded by that honesty and simplicity of meaning, that leads onward to success. His whole life combined the practical lessons of merchant, patriot, and philanthropist. There can be no higher award.

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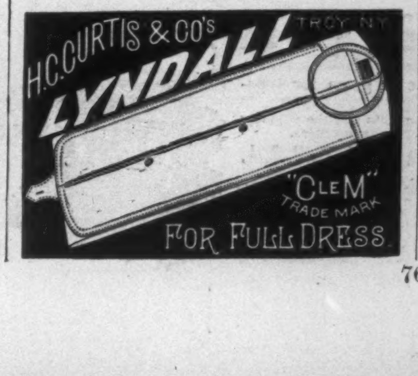

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STATE BUILDINGS AT THE FAIR.

(*Continued from page 764.*)

The aggregate area of these will be over 12,000 square feet, and it will be adorned by orange-trees brought from Florida, set in enriched Italian terra-cotta pots ordered expressly from Naples.

The entrance to the building will be flanked by the Barberini lions recently cast in Rome.

There will be under the main cornice a reproduction of the superb frieze of the Farnesina palace, representing boys bearing garlands of fruit and flowers. The main cornice, the balustrade, the capitals, architraves, spandrels, pediments, etc., will all be highly decorated and enriched. The terrace will be lighted by four pedestal lamps, exact copies in bronze from antique and richly sculptured examples in the Museum of Naples. The semicircular porticos east and west have a diameter of fifty feet, and have the form of an exedra. The uncovered portion is to be furnished with a fountain, which, whether viewed from without or within, will lend itself to a most harmonious and striking combination. Within the inner row of columns, and above the fountain and the building, will be arranged a white or colored sail stretched flat above the line of the caps of the columns, as in the Greek Exedra. On either side of the main entrance will be placed a fountain. On the key block over the main entrance it is proposed to place a bust of Washington, and at either side, in the spherical niches, a bust of the first Governor of New York, and one of the present Governor.

On the third floor will be a few necessary bedrooms, a kitchen, servants' quarters, and other accommodations.

The sum of $125,000 has been set aside for the construction of the building; but outside of this, there are large and numerous opportunities for internal furnishing and decoration, some of which have already been embraced by public-spirited New York firms. Altogether, between private gifts and public expenditure, the New York State Building at Jackson Park will probably represent a cost of considerably over $200,000.

OHIO.

The Legislature of Ohio appropriated $125,000 to be expended in the interest of the State at the World's Fair. The State Building is situated to the northeast of the Art Galleries, and built after the plans of Mr. McLaughlin, of Cincinnati, who was chosen for the purpose by the State Association of Architects. The building is 100 feet front and 100 feet deep, fronted by a wide portico supported by high columns. Wood is chiefly used in the building, but it is covered with "staff," which will give it the appearance of stone. The cost of the building itself is $30,000, but the interior fittings and decorations will be about $20,000 additional. The materials of the State will be used throughout, and each separate room is to be furnished by a city in Ohio. This will arouse a friendly rivalry between the various cities, and insure the best of appointments according to the size and uses of the room. The official exhibit of the State will be located in the building, and the rest of the rooms open to the visiting people. A post-office, railroad ticket office, information bureau, and a room fitted with safes, where valuables may be checked, will be found in the building, and in addition to these there are public and private parlors and reception-rooms, smoking and reading rooms, and various offices. In the large reception-hall opposite the entrance will be a great open fireplace, surmounted by the Ohio State coat of arms. Stained glass will be used in many places with effect. The reception-hall is 23 feet 4 inches by 36 feet 4 inches, open to the roof, and encircled by a gallery on the second floor.

In front of the building will be the Ohio Monument, which will adorn the State capital after the fair. The work is intended to represent the State in all its greatness, and is to cost $25,000. In the centre will rise a plain granite shaft, and about the bottom will be grouped life-size figures of the men whose success and honor have added to the glory of their mother-State. Above will be a figure of Cornelia, indicating the legend cut in the stone, "These are my jewels."

MINNESOTA.

About $150,000 will be spent by the State of Minnesota in preparing for the World's Columbian Exposition. Of this amount $50,000 was appropriated by the Legislature, and the remainder is being raised by popular subscription, to be refunded, no doubt, by some succeeding Legislature. The building to be erected will be largely devoted to a display of the resources of the State. The great mineral and timber wealth of Minnesota will here be appropriately represented, while her remarkable wheat and dairying interests will be adequately set forth.

About $25,000 will be spent upon the building. It will have a skeleton of wood, which will be treated at all important points with staff, the material so much in use upon the grounds at present. The architecture is the Italian Renaissance. The building will have its interesting social as well as utilitarian properties. Upon the upper floor there are three spacious reception-rooms—one for ladies, another for gentlemen, and a third for general use. The main reception-room, or hall, is in the centre, the other rooms opening from it to the right and left. Apartments are also arranged for reading and smoking, and for the Board of Commissioners, while two or three smaller rooms are to be fitted up with beds for use in case of illness.

The exhibition hall on the first or main floor is 67×79 feet in size, and 18 feet in height. It is to be a very attractive interior, symmetrical in form, and harmonious in details. There will be large wall space for cases and exhibits of various kinds. An interesting feature will be the displaying of the many kinds of game now or once common in the State. Opposite the main entrance a broad flight of stairs leads to a landing, where, beneath a handsome domed semicircular alcove, seats are to be arranged for resting-places.

The roof will be covered with tin moulded into representations of Spanish tiles, and painted so that this effect will be carried out. The main floor will be only about three feet from the street level, so that it will be easy of entrance. Over the portico a wide awning may be stretched to afford shelter from the sun's rays, and provide a place for observation. Fourteen designs were submitted by architects. The board selected the one presented by Mr. W. Channing Whitney, of Minneapolis.

GEORGIA.

Some of the State Legislatures have refrained from making any appropriation from the State Treasury for representation at the World's Fair. In all cases, however, where the official appropriation has not been forth-coming, the citizens and proposed exhibitors of the State have guaranteed a greater or less amount to be raised by popular subscription. The Legislature of Georgia adjourned without drawing upon the resources of the State, and immediately the citizens went to work to raise $100,000 by popular subscription, thus insuring a building and exhibit worthy of the State. An illustration of the proposed State building is given herewith, drawn from the plans of the architect, Mr. G. L. Norman. After a study of the ground where the building is to be erected, and taking into consideration the general situation, Mr. Norman decided upon the style as indicated. The building will be 150 feet in length and 50 feet front, fashioned in imitation of the temples of ancient Greece. It will be classical in appearance, although built entirely of materials furnished by the State. Wood and plaster will be used in building, with panels of marble. The roof is to be of terra-cotta, and the floor tiled with marble. A long hall encircled above by a gallery will extend the length of the building, and on either side above and below will be the rooms set aside for offices and committees, together with the parlors and reception-rooms.

Broad steps will lead to the street in the front, and near the bottom of the steps will be erected a statue of the late Henry W. Grady. The statue will be a plaster copy of the one now standing in Atlanta. The building when completed will add greatly to the various styles of architecture as represented in the different State buildings, and lend its importance and dignity to the State by which it is erected.

TO THE GOLDEN-ROD.

Fair Golden-rod, thou art a weed, men say
  Who in their gardens worship artifice;
Thy lot that of the wanderer, thy way
  To horticulture's laws, alas! remiss.

No favorite thou seemest, yet I swear
  Thou canst the sneers of all mankind disdain;
Who hast thy father's favor past compare,
  In whom the parent sun doth live again.

John Kendrick Bangs.

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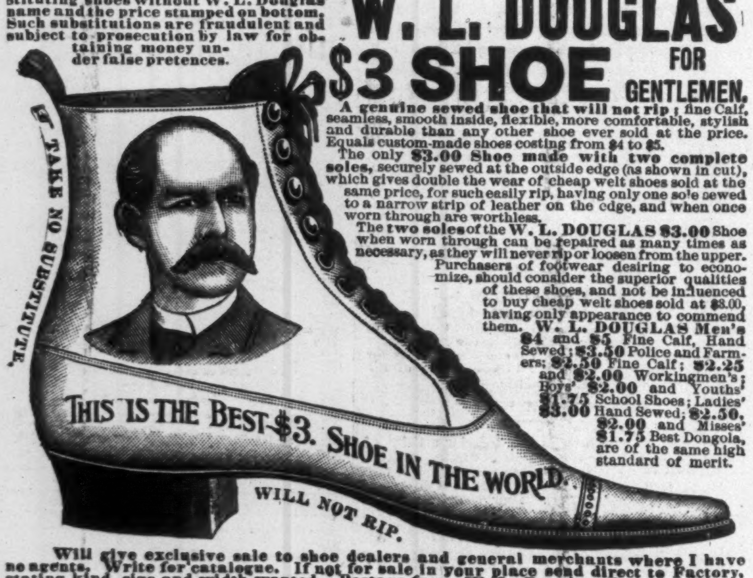
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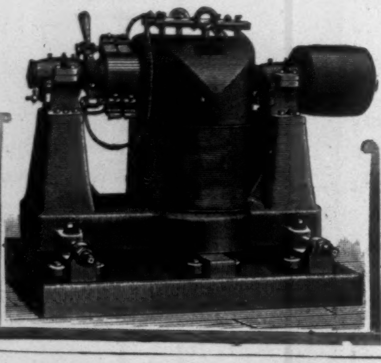

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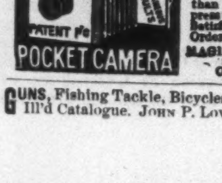

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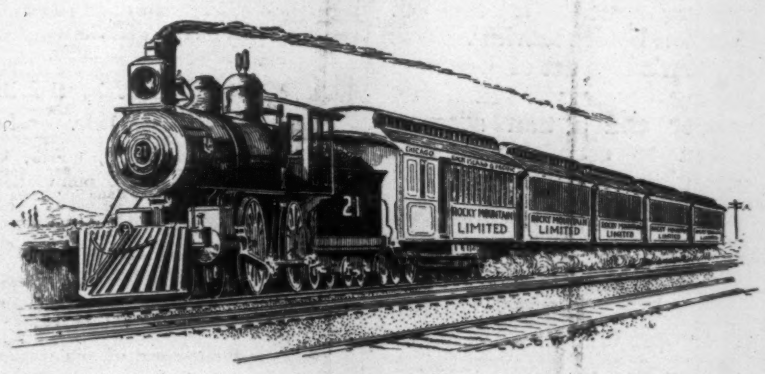

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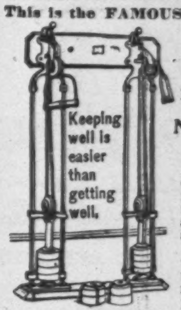
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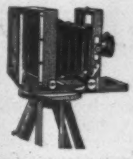

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